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Stan Lee Presents:

STAR TREK®

THE MOTION PICTURE

Marvel Super Special #15

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Based on the screenplay by Harold Livingston,
Story by Alan Dean Foster and Gene Roddenberry, Produced by Paramount Pictures.

December 1979

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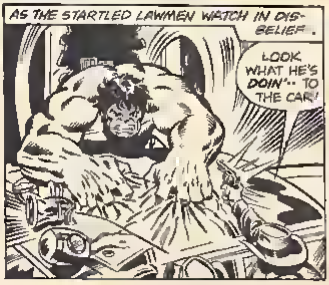

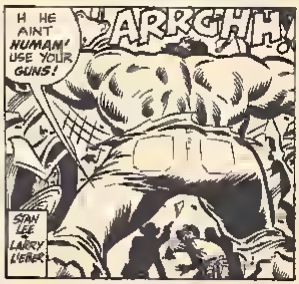

Stan Lee PRESENTS: A TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY ODYSSEY!

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DAVE COCKRUM & KLAUS JANSON • Artists
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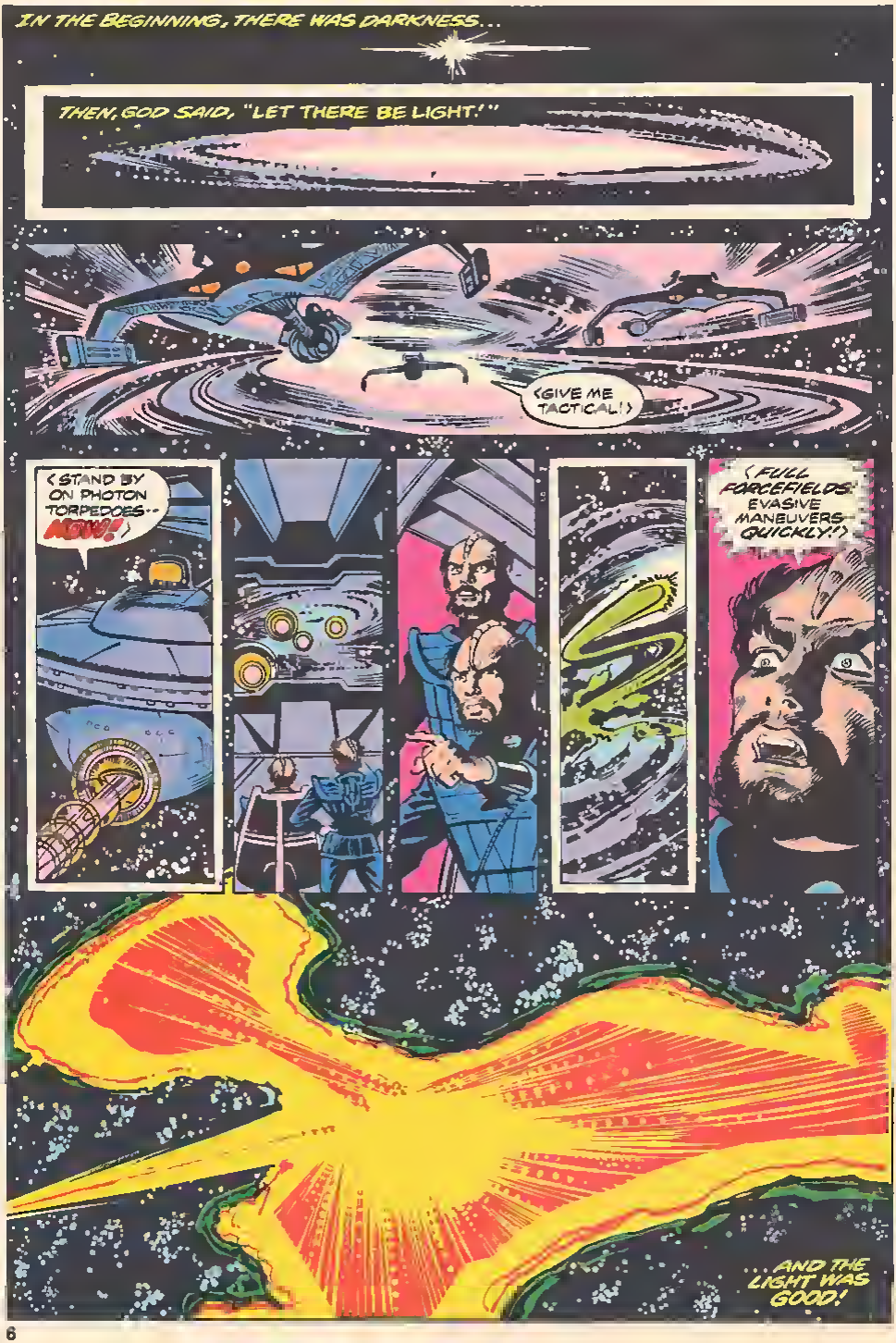

IN THE BEGINNING, THERE WAS DARKNESS...
THEN, GOD SAID, "LET THERE BE LIGHT!"
<GIVE ME TACTICAL!>
<STAND BY ON PHOTON TORPEDOES-- NOW!>
<FULL FORCEFIELDS! EVASIVE MANEUVERS QUICKLY!>
AND THE LIGHT WAS GOOD!

THE HARSH PLANET VULCAN, MORE THAN A GALAXY AFAR...

SPOCK, SON OF SAREK OF VULCAN, AND AMANDA OF EARTH--

--DILIGENTLY YOU HAVE LABORED FOR PURIFICATION OF MIND...

HERE ON THESE SANDS, OUR FOREBEARERS CAST OUT THEIR ANIMAL PASSIONS.

HERE OUR RACE WAS SAVED BY THE FIRST ATTAINMENT OF-- KOLINAHR!

KOLINAHR--THE FINAL SHEDDING OF ALL EMOTION!

YOU HAVE LABORED LONG, SPOCK. NOW, RECEIVE FROM US THIS SYMBOL OF TOTAL LOGIC!

BUT...

OUR MINDS, ALSO, HAVE FELT THAT FAR OFF 'PRESENCE,' SPOCK. HAS IT ANY SPECIAL MEANING TO YOU?

SILENCE.

COME, SPOCK-- GIVE ME YOUR THOUGHTS!

THE MASTER GENTLY LAYS HER SLENDER HAND ON THE LEAN VULCAN'S TEMPLE. THOUGHTS HIDDEN AND LONG SUBMERGED EBB AND FLOW LIKE THE CRASHING SURF...

THIS CONSCIOUSNESS STIRS YOUR HUMAN HALF, SPOCK.

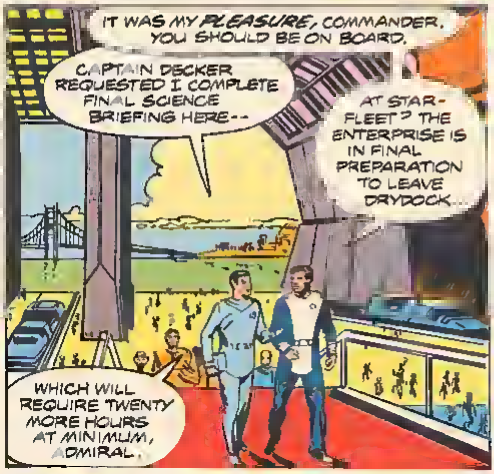
YOU HAVE NOT ACHIEVED KOLINAHR-- YOUR HUMAN EMOTIONS ARE NOT FULLY EXTINGUISHED.

HE WILL NOT ACHIEVE HIS GOAL WITH US. HIS ANSWER LIES ELSEWHERE.

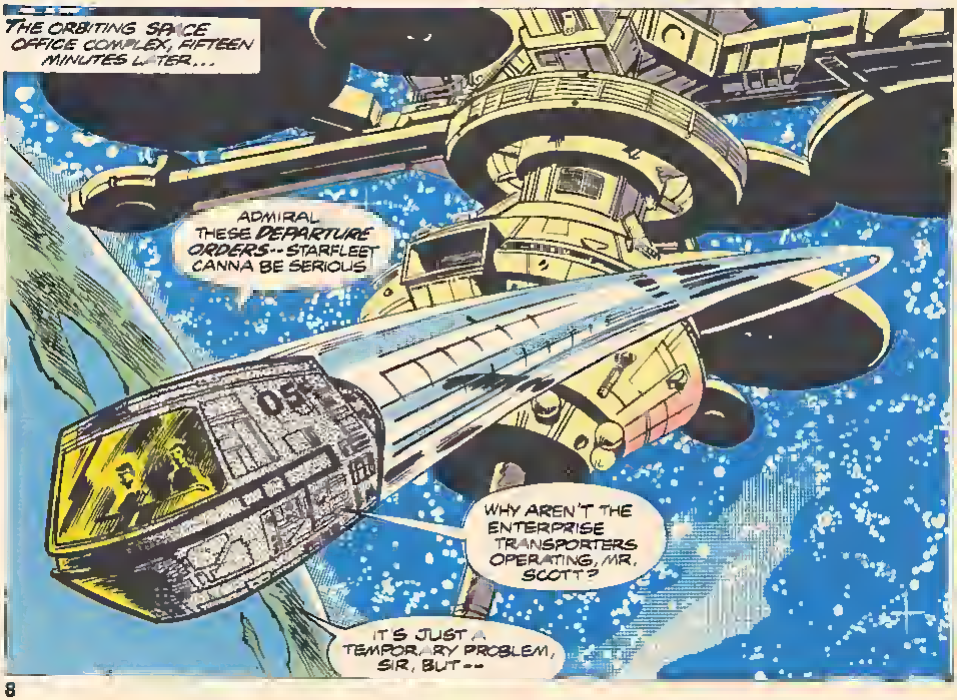
EXPRESSIONLESS, THE TALL VULCAN WAITS AS THE THREE MASTERS LEAVE.

THEN, A FAINT TROUBLED LINE CREASES HIS BROW...


STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS, SAN FRANCISCO, EARTH...
COMMANDER SONAK, YOU'VE RECEIVED YOUR APPOINTMENT AS ENTERPRISE SCIENCE OFFICER?
BASED. I AM TOLD, ON YOUR RECOMMENDATION, ADMIRAL KIRK. I THANK YOU


IT WAS MY PLEASURE, COMMANDER. YOU SHOULD BE ON BOARD.
CAPTAIN DECKER REQUESTED I COMPLETE FINAL SCIENCE BRIEFING HERE--
AT STARFLEET? THE ENTERPRISE IS IN FINAL PREPARATION TO LEAVE DRYDOCK...
WHICH WILL REQUIRE TWENTY MORE HOURS AT MINIMUM, ADMIRAL.


TWELVE! I'M ON MY WAY TO A MEETING WHICH WILL NOT LAST MORE THAN THREE MINUTES. REPORT TO ME ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE IN ONE HOUR.
TO YOU, SIR?
I... INTEND TO BE THERE FOLLOWING THAT MEETING.


THE ORBITING SPACE OFFICE COMPLEX, FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...
ADMIRAL THESE DEPARTURE ORDERS--STARFLEET CANNA BE SERIOUS
WHY AREN'T THE ENTERPRISE TRANSPORTERS OPERATING, MR. SCOTT?
IT'S JUST A TEMPORARY PROBLEM, SIR, BUT--


ADMIRAL, WE'VE JUS' SPEN' EIGHTEEN MONTHS REFI'IN' THE ENTERPRISE. YE JUS' CANNA EXPEC' T'HAVE 'ER READY IN TWELVE HOURS!
MR. SCOTT, AN ALIEN OBJECT OF UNBELIEVABLE POWER IS LESS THAN THREE DAYS AWAY FROM THIS PLANET.
THE ONLY STARSHIP WITHIN INTERCEPTION RANGE IS THE ENTERPRISE.
AYE, SIR--BUT YE MUS' KNOW THE CREW HAGN'T HAD NEAR ENOUGH TRANSITION TIME. AN' THE ENGINES--THEY HAVEN'T EVEN BEEN TESTED AT WARP SPEEDS.
READY OR NOT--SHE LAUNCHES!
ADD TO THAT, ADMIRAL--WE HAVE AN UNTRIED CAPTAIN--
TWO AND HALF YEARS AS CHIEF OF STARFLEET MAY HAVE MADE ME A LITTLE STALE, MR. SCOTT.
BUT I WOULDN'T EXACTLY CONSIDER MYSELF 'UNTRIED'
A-ADMIRAL--?
THEY GAVE HER BACK TO ME, SCOTTY.
'GAVE' HER BACK, SIR! I DOUBT IT WAS THAT EASY.
BU' ANY MAN WHO COULD MANAGE SUCH A FEAT, I WOULDN'A DARE DISAPPOIN'.
SHE'LL LAUNCH ON TIME, SIR.
AN' SHE'LL BE READY!
THE SMALL TRAVEL POD SKIMS THE SURFACE OF THE GIANT DRYDOCK CONSTRUCTION. A GLINT OF SILVER REFLECTS SUN LIGHT THROUGH ITS STEEL FILIGREE FRAME.
THEN, ALL AT ONCE, KIRK SEES IT, AND A THOUSAND UNNAMABLE EMOTIONS SWELL UP WITHIN HIM. THE AWE, THE WONDER, THE ROMANCE, THE OBSESSION FILL HIS HEART ONCE AGAIN.
AFTER ALL TOO MANY TIRING DAYS OF PAPER-FILLED DRUDGERY, HE IS BECOMING ONCE MORE FULLY ALIVE.
THE ENTERPRISE IS HIS!

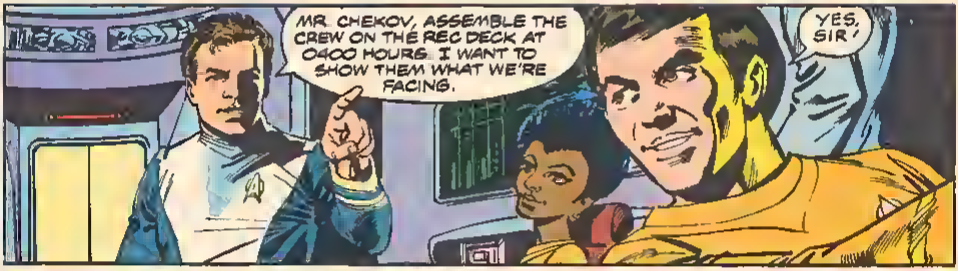
MEMORIES NEVER TRULY FORGOTTEN FLARE STRONGER AS KIRK PROUDLY STRIDES THROUGH THE REFURBISHED ENTERPRISE HALLWAYS. A HIGH SPEED ELEVATOR WHISKS HIM TOWARD THE UPPER-DECK BRIDGE, AND A CHROME-ALLOY DOOR WHOOSHES OPEN AT HIS PRESENCE...

C-CAPTAIN! STARFLEET JUST SIGNALLED YOUR TRANSFER-OF-COMMAND ORDERS!

WHERE IS CAPTAIN DECKER?

HE'S IN ENGINEERING, SIR

HE DOESN'T KNOW



ENGINEERING - THE INTERMIX CHAMBER...

I THOUGHT SO! SEE... THE TRANSPORTER SENSOR WAS *NOT* ACTIVATED!

AYE, CAP'N YOU WERE DEAD RIGHT ABOUT THAT!

CLEARY, PUT A BACK-UP SENSOR INTO THE UNIT!

WILL--?

ADMIRAL KIRK? WE'RE GETTING A TOP-BRASS SEND OFF?

I-I'M TAKING THE *CENTER SEAT*. I'M SORRY, WILL

YOU ARE *WHAT?*

I'M *REPLACING* YOU AS CAPTAIN OF THE ENTERPRISE.

YOU *PERSONALLY*, ARE ASSUMING COMMAND? *WHY?*

MY EXPERIENCE... FIVE YEARS OUT THERE DEALING WITH *UNKNOWNS* LIKE THIS.

MY FAMILIARITY WITH THE ENTERPRISE... THIS CREW

ADMIRAL, YOU DON'T KNOW THIS NEW ENTERPRISE A TENTH AS WELL AS I DO.

THAT'S WHY YOU'RE STAYING ON BOARD AS EXECUTIVE OFFICER. I'M SORRY, WILL

NO, ADMIRAL, I DON'T THINK YOU ARE, NOT ONE DAMNED BIT. I REMEMBER WHEN YOU RECOMMENDED ME FOR THIS COMMAND.

YOU TOLD ME HOW *ENVIOUS* YOU WERE, AND IF ONLY YOU COULD FIND A WAY TO GET A STARSHIP COMMAND AGAIN.

WELL, SIR, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU FOUND A WAY!

THERE IS NO FURTHER NEED FOR DISCUSSION, COMMANDER. REPORT TO THE BRIDGE--*IMMEDIATELY!*

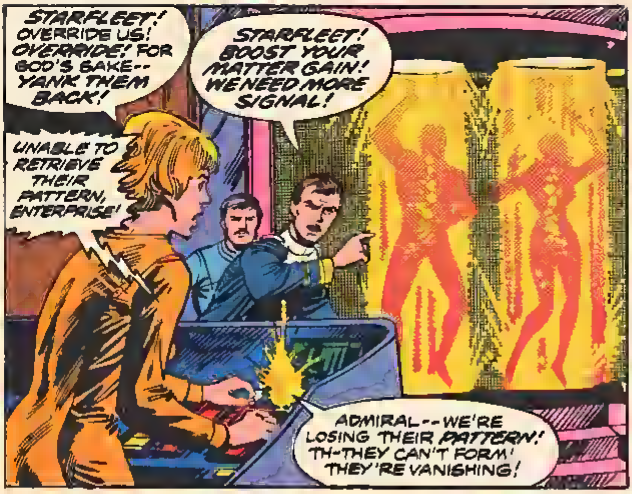
AS AN ANGRY WILL DECKER STALKS FROM THE ENGINEERING ROOM...

ENTERPRISE, TRANSPORTING COMMANDER SONAK AND COMPANY TO--

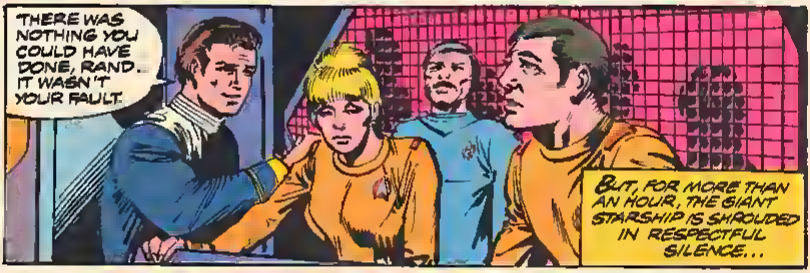
NO! WE'RE NOT READY YET!

TRANSPORTER ROOM! DO NOT ENGAGE... I REPEAT--DO NOT--

CHOKE!... TOO LATE... THEY'RE BEAMING ABOARD NOW!


STARFLEET! OVERRIDE US! OVERRIDE! FOR GOD'S SAKE-- YANK THEM BACK!
STARFLEET! BOOST YOUR MATTER GAIN! WE NEED MORE SIGNAL!
UNABLE TO RETRIEVE THEIR PATTERN, ENTERPRISE!
ADMIRAL--WE'RE LOSING THEIR PATTERN! TH-THEY CAN'T FORM! THEY'RE VANISHING!


STARFLEET.. DO YOU HAVE THEM?
E-ENTERPRISE. WH-WHAT WE GOT BACK... DIDN'T LIVE LONG... FORTUNATELY...


A HEAVY, BROODING SILENCE HANGS OVER THE ENTERPRISE TRANSPORTER ROOM AS KIRK QUIETLY MUMBLES A SAD PRAYER TO COMMANDER SONAK'S MEMORY. THEN...
THERE WAS NOTHING YOU COULD HAVE DONE, RAND.. IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT.
BUT, FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR, THE GIANT STARSHIP IS SHROUDED IN RESPECTFUL SILENCE...


0900 HOURS...
THAT'S ALL WE KNOW ABOUT IT; EXCEPT THE CLOUD IS NOW 22 DAYS FROM EARTH, AND THE ENTERPRISE IS THE ONLY FEDERATION STARSHIP THAT STANDS IN ITS WAY.
WE ASSUME THERE IS A VESSEL OF SOME TYPE AT THE HEART OF THE CLOUD OUR ORDERS ARE TO INTERCEPT, INVESTIGATE, AND TAKE WHATEVER ACTION IS NECESSARY. . AND POSSIBLE.
WE CAN ONLY HOPE THAT THE LIFE ABOARD THAT VESSEL REASONS AS WE DO.
BRIDGE TO CAPTAIN: PRIORITY SIGNAL FROM EPSILON 9

ALL EYES TURN TO THE ENTERPRISE MONITOR SCREENS AS THE ANGUISHED FEATURES OF EPSILON NINE COMMANDER BRANCH SHIMMER INTO VIEW..

ENTERPRISE.. THE CLOUD IS DEFINITELY A POWER FIELD OF SOME KIND. WE'RE TRANSMITTING LINGUACODE FRIENDSHIP MESSAGES.. BUT NO RESPONSE!

M-MY GOD, ENTERPRISE.. THEY'RE MISTAKING OUR SCANS FOR A HOSTILE ACT!

DEFLECTORS! E-ENTERPRISE.. WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!

UHURA! EXTERNAL VIEW-- QUICKLY!!

AGAIN THE VIEWER SHIMMERS, AND BRANCH'S IMAGE IS REPLACED WITH THE ORBITTING STAR FLEET OUTPOST CALLED EPSILON NINE..

...AND A DARK LUMINESCENT CLOUD WHICH SUDDENLY UNLEASHES A MAELSTROM OF FLARING ENERGY.

FOR A MOMENT, THE ENTERPRISE CREW WATCHES IN TOTAL FASCINATION...

...WHICH, LESS THAN AN INSTANT LATER, SOURS TO HORROR AND REVULSION!

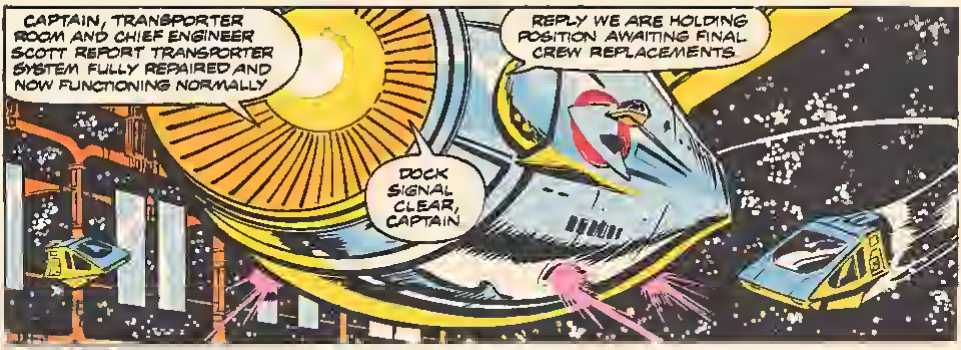
WHERE ONLY A MOMENT BEFORE THERE WAS A PROUD MONITORING STATION...

...NOW THERE IS ONLY COLD, BLEAK SPACE.

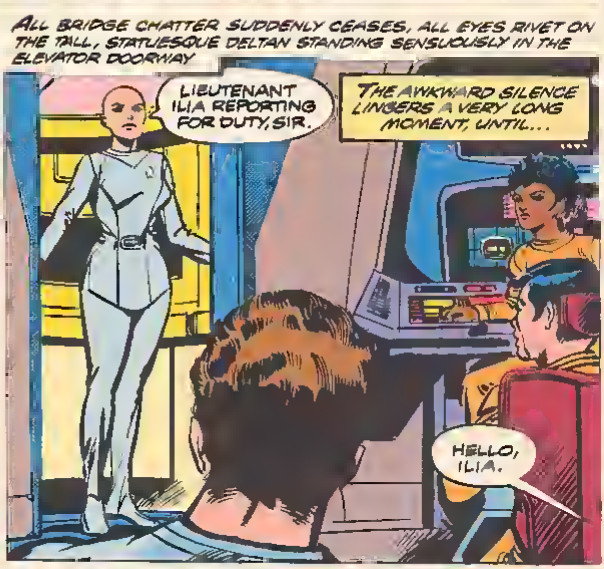
...AND EVEN STARSHIP CAPTAIN JAMES T. KIRK IS AT A LOSS FOR ANY COMFORTING WORDS...

V-VIEWER OFF..

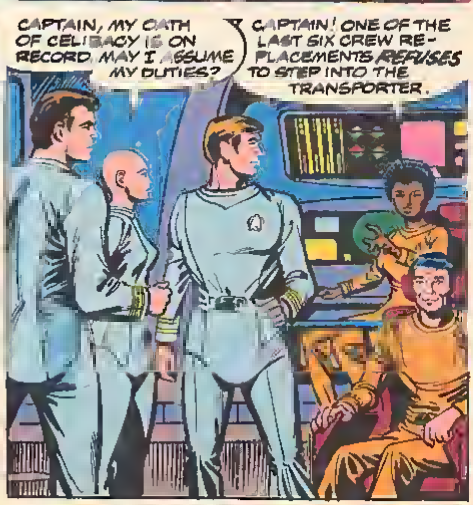
PRE-LAUNCH COUNTDOWN WILL COMMENCE IN FORTY MINUTES.

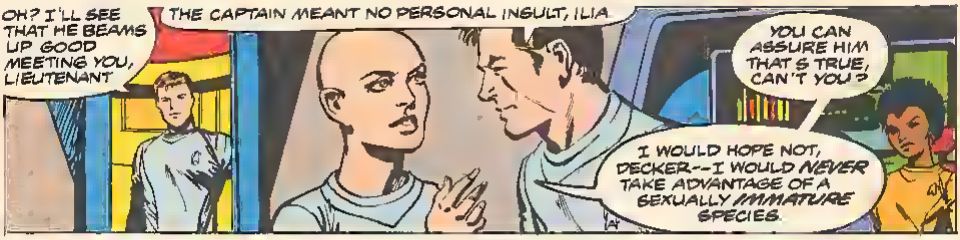

CAPTAIN, TRANSPORTER ROOM AND CHIEF ENGINEER SCOTT REPORT TRANSPORTER SYSTEM FULLY REPAIRED AND NOW FUNCTIONING NORMALLY
REPLY WE ARE HOLDING POSITION AWAITING FINAL CREW REPLACEMENTS
DOCK SIGNAL CLEAR, CAPTAIN

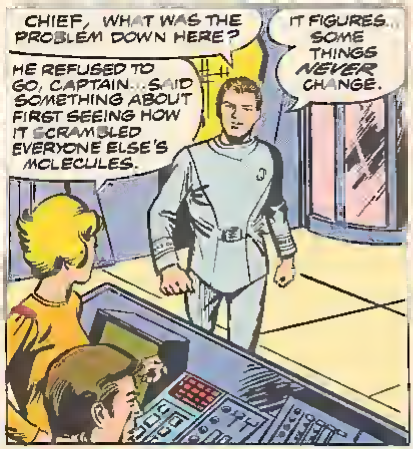

CAPTAIN! TRANSPORTER PERSONNEL REPORTS THE NAVIGATOR, JUNIOR GRADE ILIA IS ALREADY ABOARD AND EN ROUTE TO THE BRIDGE
CAPTAIN--SHE'S A... DELTAN!
I'M AWARE OF THAT, COMMANDER --AND THERE'S NO FINER NAVIGATOR

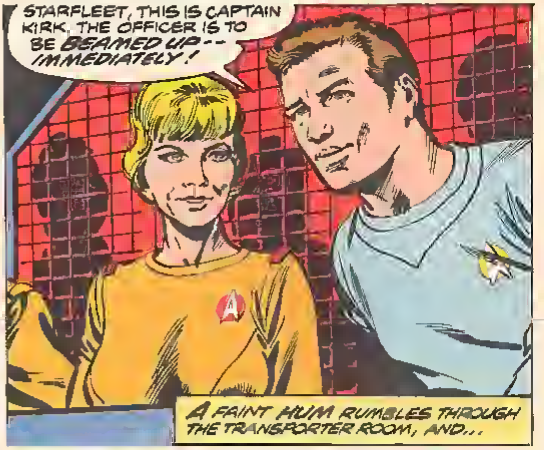

ALL BRIDGE CHATTER SUDDENLY CEASES, ALL EYES RIVET ON THE TALL, STATUESQUE DELTAN STANDING SENSUOUSLY IN THE ELEVATOR DOORWAY
LIEUTENANT ILIA REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR.
THE AWKWARD SILENCE LINGERS A VERY LONG MOMENT, UNTIL...
HELLO, ILIA.


DECKER?
I WAS STATIONED ON THE LIEUTENANT'S HOME PLANET SOME YEARS AGO, CAPTAIN
YOUR STRIPES, DECKER--'COMMANDER?'
OUR EXEC AND SCIENCE OFFICER, LIEUTENANT
CAPTAIN KIRK HAS, UHH--THE UTMOST CONFIDENCE IN ME.
AND, IN YOU TOO, LIEUTENANT


CAPTAIN, MY OATH OF CELIBACY IS ON RECORD. MAY I ASSUME MY DUTIES?
CAPTAIN! ONE OF THE LAST SIX CREW REPLACEMENTS REFUSES TO STEP INTO THE TRANSPORTER.


OH? I'LL SEE THAT HE BEAMS UP GOOD MEETING YOU, LIEUTENANT
THE CAPTAIN MEANT NO PERSONAL INSULT, ILIA
YOU CAN ASSURE HIM THAT'S TRUE, CAN'T YOU?
I WOULD HOPE NOT, DECKER--I WOULD NEVER TAKE ADVANTAGE OF A SEXUALLY IMMATURE SPECIES.

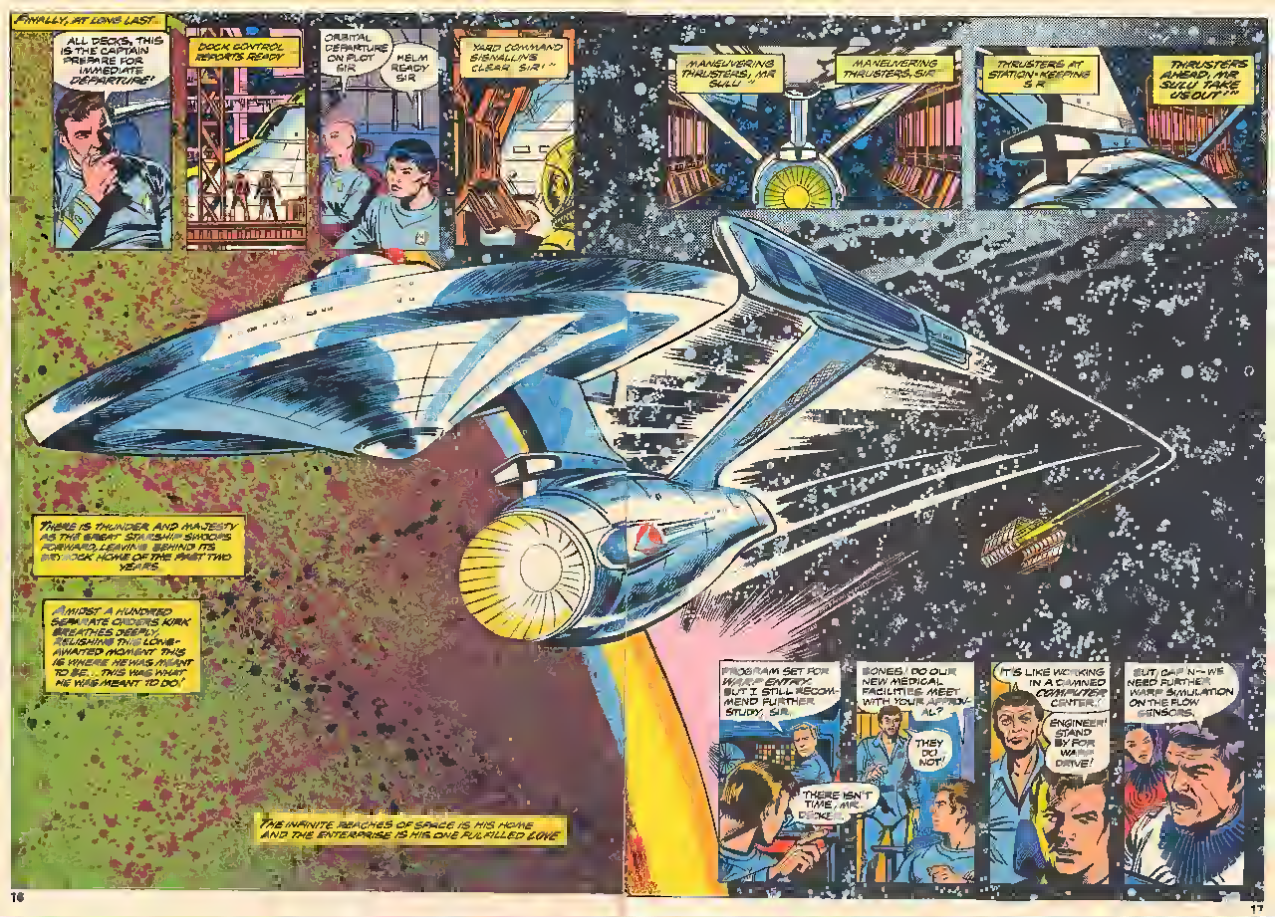

CHIEF, WHAT WAS THE PROBLEM DOWN HERE?
HE REFUSED TO GO, CAPTAIN...SAID SOMETHING ABOUT FIRST SEEING HOW IT SCRAMBLED EVERYONE ELSE'S MOLECULES.
IT FIGURES... SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE.


STARFLEET, THIS IS CAPTAIN KIRK. THE OFFICER IS TO BE BEAMED UP--IMMEDIATELY!
A FAINT HUM RUMBLES THROUGH THE TRANSPORTER ROOM, AND...


WELL, FOR A MAN WHO SWORE HE'D NEVER RETURN TO STARFLEET...
BLAST IT, CAPTAIN, YOUR REVERED ADMIRAL NOGURA INVOKED A RESERVE ACTIVATION CLAUSE. I WAS DRAFTED!
THEY DIDN'T NOW, DID THEY?


IT WAS YOUR IDEA, WASN'T IT?
BONES, THERE A 'THING' OUT THERE--
WHY IS ANY OBJECT WE DON'T UNDERSTAND CALLED A 'THING'?
IT'S HEADED THIS WAY.
JUST ONE THING, CAPTAIN--WERE YOU BEHIND THIS?


PLEASE, BONES...I NEED YOU...
...BADLY...
LEONARD McCOY HESITATES BEFORE TAKING KIRK'S EXTENDED HAND BUT, WHEN HE DOES, IT IS THE LONG HANDCLASP OF TWO OLD REUNITED FRIENDS...


FINALLY, AT LONG LAST...
ALL DECKS, THIS IS THE CAPTAIN PREPARE FOR IMMEDIATE DEPARTURE!
DOCK CONTROL REPORTS READY
ORBITAL DEPARTURE ON PLOT SIR
HELM READY SIR
YARD COMMAND SIGNALLING CLEAR SIR!
MANEUVERING THRUSTERS, MR SULU!
MANEUVERING THRUSTERS, SIR
THRUSTERS AT STATION-KEEPING SIR
THRUSTERS AHEAD, MR SULU TAKE US OUT!
THERE IS THUNDER AND MAJESTY AS THE GREAT STARSHIP SWOOPS FORWARD, LEAVING BEHIND ITS DRYDOCK HOME OF THE PAST TWO YEARS.
AMIDST A HUNDRED SEPARATE ORDERS KIRK BREATHES DEEPLY, RELISHING THIS LONG-AWAITED MOMENT. THIS IS WHERE HE WAS MEANT TO BE... THIS WAS WHAT HE WAS MEANT TO DO!
THE INFINITE REACHES OF SPACE IS HIS HOME AND THE ENTERPRISE IS HIS ONE FULFILLED LOVE
PROGRAM SET FOR WARP ENTRY BUT I STILL RECOMMEND FURTHER STUDY, SIR.
THERE ISN'T TIME, MR. DECKE!
BONES! DO OUR NEW MEDICAL FACILITIES MEET WITH YOUR APPROVAL?
THEY DO NOT!
IT'S LIKE WORKING IN A CRAMMED COMPUTER CENTER!
ENGINEER! STAND BY FOR WARP DRIVE!
BUT, CAPTAIN—WE NEED FURTHER WARP SIMULATION ON THE FLOW SENSORS.

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 7412.6.

IN ORDER TO INTERCEPT THE INTRUDER AT THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE TIME, WE MUST NOW RISK ENGAGING WARP DRIVE WHILE STILL WITHIN THE SOLAR SYSTEM...

ENGINEER, WE NEED WARP SPEED--NOW!!

YOU'RE PUSHING, JIM. YOUR PEOPLE KNOW THEIR JOBS.

SO DO I, BONES!

AYE, CAP'N, BU'IT'S BORDERLINE ON THE SIMULATOR. I CANNA GUARANTEE THAT SHE'LL--

WARP DRIVE, MR. SCOTT

AHEAD WARP ONE, MR. SULU.

ACCELERATING TO WARP ONE, SIR!

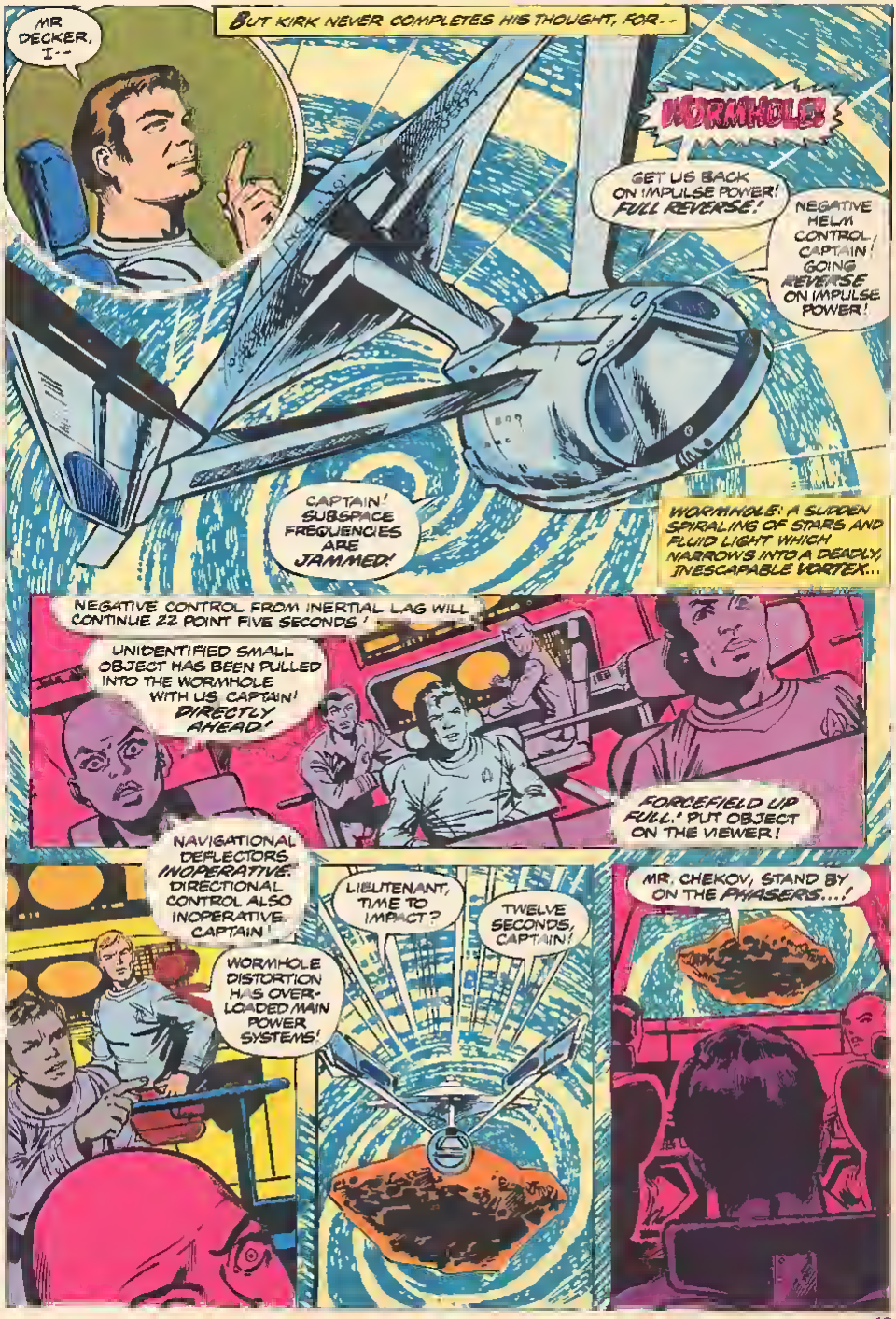
WARP POINT SEVEN... POINT EIGHT... NINE...

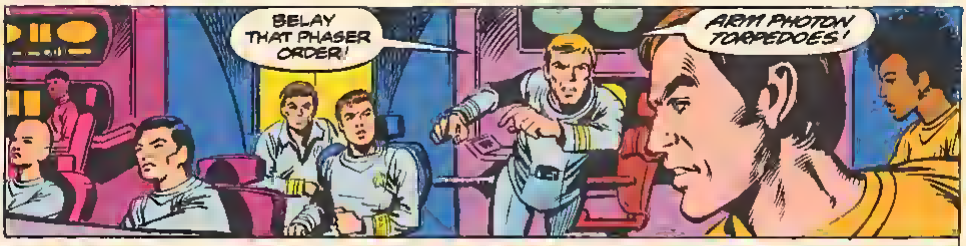
WARP ONE, SIR!

SUDDENLY, SPACE BECOMES A KALEIDOSCOPE OF STREAKING STARS AND PULSATING COLOR AS THE ENTERPRISE MAKES THE QUANTUM LEAP INTO WARP DRIVE...

AN UNEASY SILENCE GRIPS THE BRIDGE CREW AS IF THEY ARE WAITING FOR SOME UNNAMED TERROR TO REACH OUT AND GRAB THEM. FOR ANOTHER MOMENT ALL REMAIN TENSE..

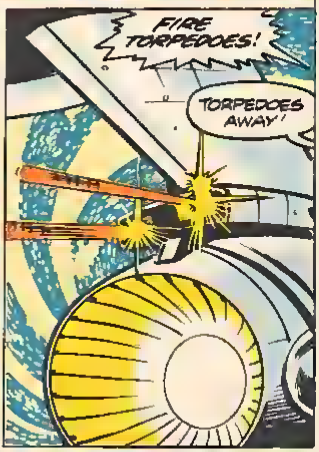
THEN, ALL AT ONCE, THEY RELAX, RELEASE THEIR BREATHS, AND SETTLE BACK FOR THE VOYAGE AHEAD.

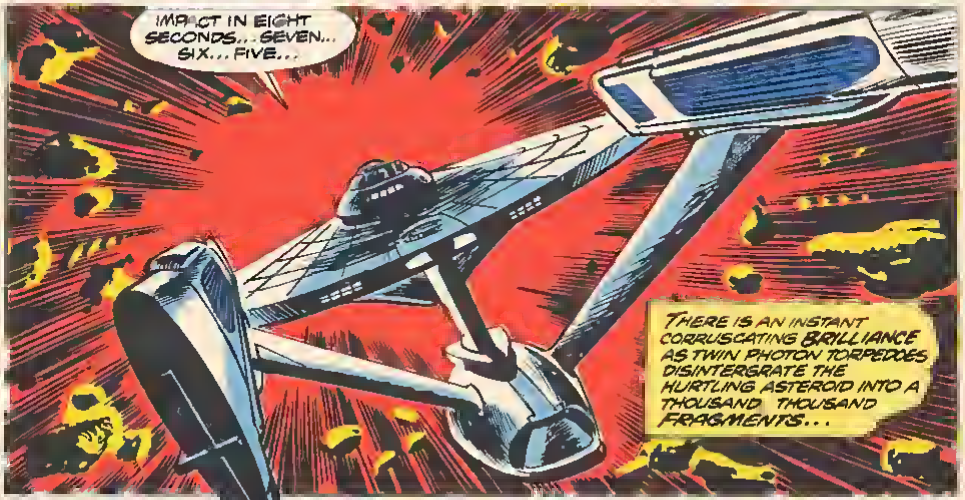

MR DECKER, I--
BUT KIRK NEVER COMPLETES HIS THOUGHT, FOR--
WORMHOLE!
GET US BACK ON IMPULSE POWER! FULL REVERSE!
NEGATIVE HELM CONTROL, CAPTAIN! GOING REVERSE ON IMPULSE POWER!
CAPTAIN! SUBSPACE FREQUENCIES ARE JAMMED!
WORMHOLE! A SUDDEN SPIRALING OF STARS AND FLUID LIGHT WHICH NARROWS INTO A DEADLY, INESCAPABLE VORTEX...
NEGATIVE CONTROL FROM INERTIAL LAG WILL CONTINUE 22 POINT FIVE SECONDS!
UNIDENTIFIED SMALL OBJECT HAS BEEN PULLED INTO THE WORMHOLE WITH US CAPTAIN! DIRECTLY AHEAD!
FORCEFIELD UP FULL! PUT OBJECT ON THE VIEWER!
NAVIGATIONAL DEFLECTORS INOPERATIVE. DIRECTIONAL CONTROL ALSO INOPERATIVE, CAPTAIN!
WORMHOLE DISTORTION HAS OVER-LOADED MAIN POWER SYSTEMS!
LIEUTENANT, TIME TO IMPACT?
TWELVE SECONDS, CAPTAIN!
MR. CHEKOV, STAND BY ON THE PHASERS...!


BELAY THAT PHASER ORDER!
ARM PHOTON TORPEDOES!

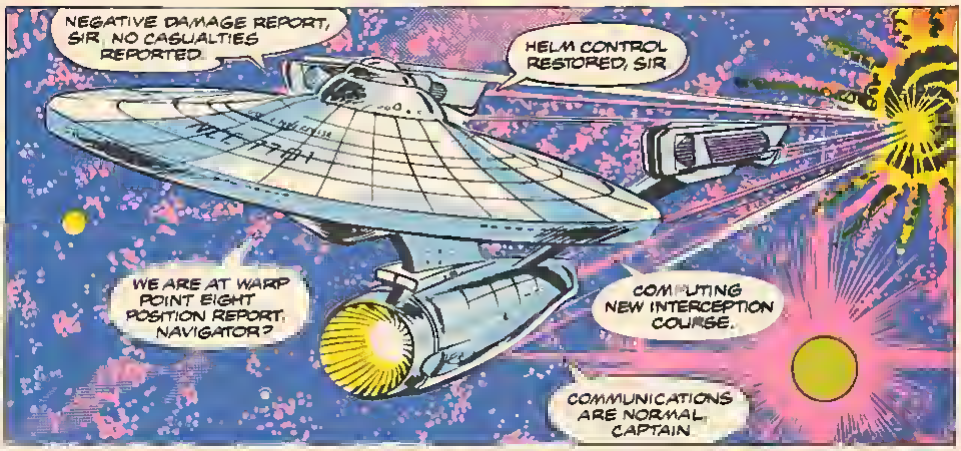

PHOTON TORPEDOES ARMED, SIR!

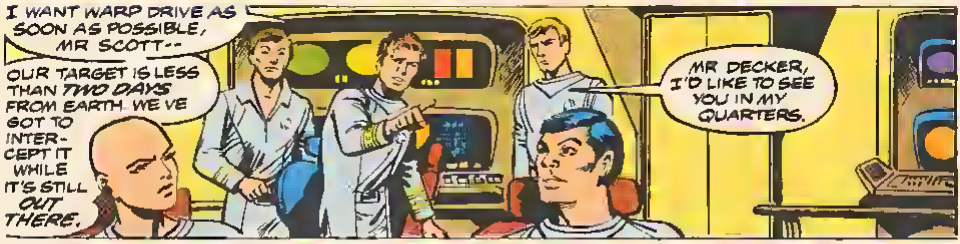

JIM--?
I--I DON'T KNOW, BONES!


FIRE TORPEDOES!
TORPEDOES AWAY!


IMPACT IN EIGHT SECONDS... SEVEN... SIX... FIVE...
THERE IS AN INSTANT CORRUSCATING BRILLIANCE AS TWIN PHOTON TORPEDOES DISINTERGRATE THE HURTLING ASTEROID INTO A THOUSAND THOUSAND FRAGMENTS...

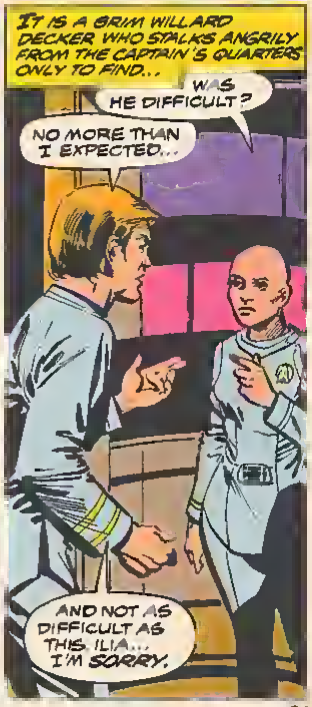

...WHICH PULVERIZE THEMSELVES ON THE ENTERPRISE'S FORWARD FORCEFIELD AND DEFLECTOR SCREENS...

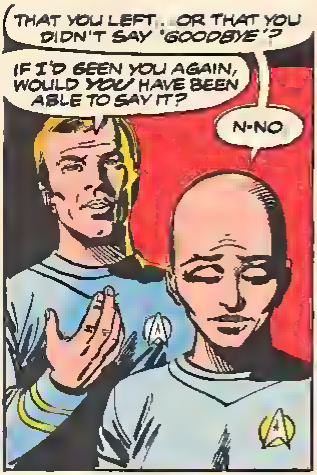

NEGATIVE DAMAGE REPORT, SIR. NO CASUALTIES REPORTED.
HELM CONTROL RESTORED, SIR.
WE ARE AT WARP POINT EIGHT. POSITION REPORT, NAVIGATOR?
COMPUTING NEW INTERCEPTION COURSE.
COMMUNICATIONS ARE NORMAL, CAPTAIN.


I WANT WARP DRIVE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, MR SCOTT--
OUR TARGET IS LESS THAN TWO DAYS FROM EARTH. WE'VE GOT TO INTERCEPT IT WHILE IT'S STILL OUT THERE.
MR DECKER, I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU IN MY QUARTERS.


EXPLANATIONS, MR DECKER? WHY WAS MY PHASER ORDER COUNTERMANDED?
SIR... THE ENTERPRISE REDESIGN INCREASES PHASER POWER BY CHANNELING IT THROUGH THE MAIN ENGINES. WHEN THEY WENT INTO IMBALANCE, THE PHASERS AUTOMATICALLY CUT OFF!
THEN... YOU ACTED PROPERLY.
I AM SORRY IF I EMBARRASSED YOU.
STOP COMPETING WITH ME, DECKER.


SIR, YOU HAVEN'T LOGGED A SINGLE STAR HOUR IN TWO AND A HALF YEARS. THAT, PLUS YOUR UNFAMILIARITY WITH THE SHIP'S REDESIGN--IN MY OPINION, SIR, SERIOUSLY JEOPARDIZES OUR MISSION.
I TRUST YOU WILL... NURSEMAID ME THROUGH THESE DIFFICULTIES, MR DECKER. DISMISSED!


IT IS A GRIM WILLARD DECKER WHO STALKS ANGRILY FROM THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS ONLY TO FIND...
WAS HE DIFFICULT?
NO MORE THAN I EXPECTED...
AND NOT AS DIFFICULT AS THIS, ILIA... I'M SORRY.



BUT, JUST THEN...

BRIDGE TO CAPTAIN! SIGNAL FROM A FEDERATION-REGISTERED LONG RANGE SHUTTLE, SIR.

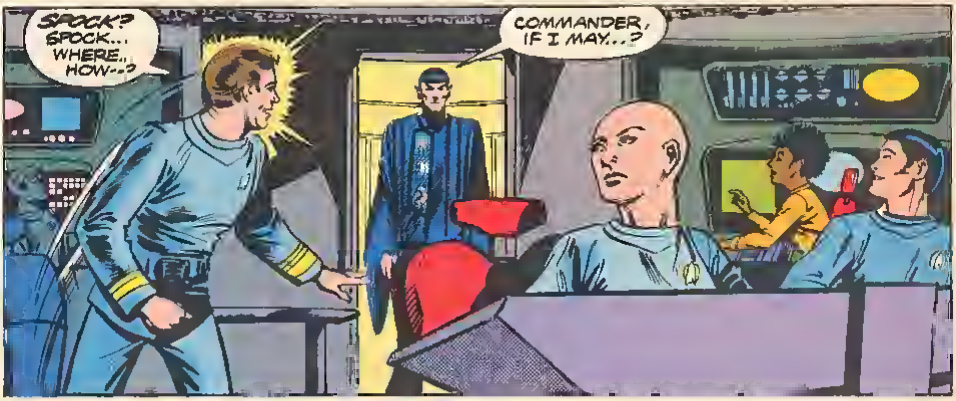
SHE WISHES TO COME ALONGSIDE AND LOCK ON

VERY WELL, MR. CHEKOV--SEE TO IT.

THE SMALL SHUTTLE ARCS TOWARD THE ENTERPRISE THEN RELEASES AN EVEN SMALLER FUSELAGE POD WHICH SLOWLY BUT PRECISELY MOVES TOWARD THE STARSHIP'S COMMAND AIRLOCK.

THEN, SEEMINGLY INSTANTS LATER...

PERMISSION TO COME ABOARD, SIR?


SPOCK? SPOCK... WHERE... HOW--?
COMMANDER, IF I MAY...?

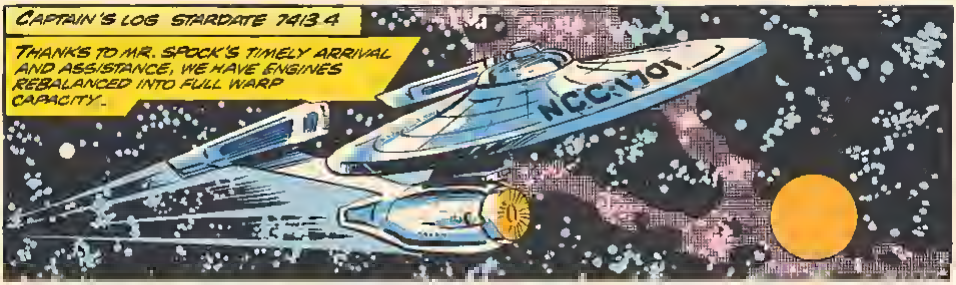

I HAVE BEEN MONITORING YOUR STARFLEET TRANSMISSIONS, CAPTAIN, YOUR ENGINE DESIGN DIFFICULTIES...


I OFFER MY SERVICES AS SCIENCE OFFICER.
BY ALL... UMMM... IF OUR EXECUTIVE OFFICER HAS NO OBJECTIONS--?
OF COURSE NOT. I'M AWARE OF MR. SPOCK'S QUALIFICATIONS.

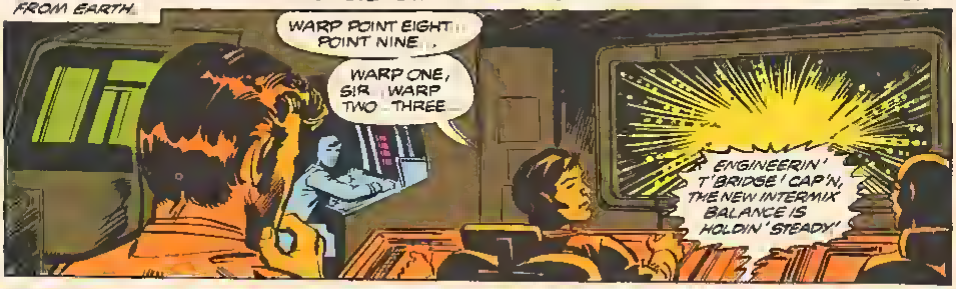

MR. CHEKOV, LOG MR. SPOCK'S STARFLEET COMMISSION REACTIVATED; LIST HIM AS SCIENCE OFFICER; BOTH EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY.
MISTER SPOCK... WELCOME ABOARD!

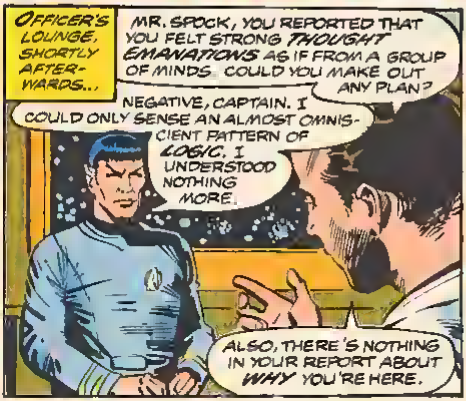

SPOCK! SO HELP ME, I'M ACTUALLY PLEASED TO SEE YOU.
MR. SPOCK...!!

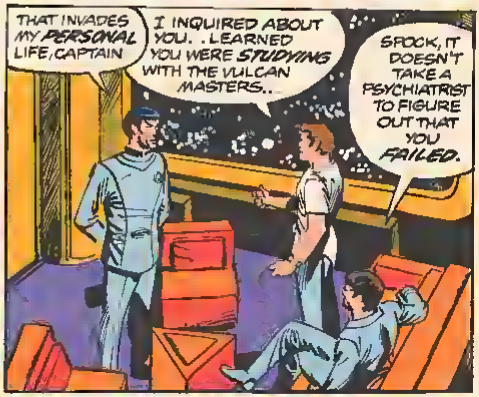

BUT THE CREW'S WARM GREETINGS ARE ONLY ACKNOWLEDGED WITH A COLD, BRISK...
WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I WILL NOW DISCUSS THESE FUEL EQUATIONS WITH THE ENGINEER!

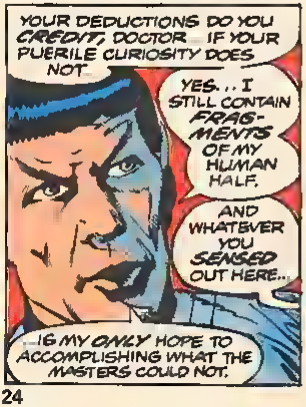


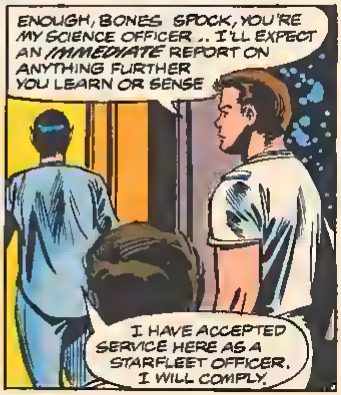
...WHICH MEANS WE WILL NOW BE ABLE TO *INTERCEPT* THE INTRUDER WHILE STILL MORE THAN A *DAY* FROM EARTH.

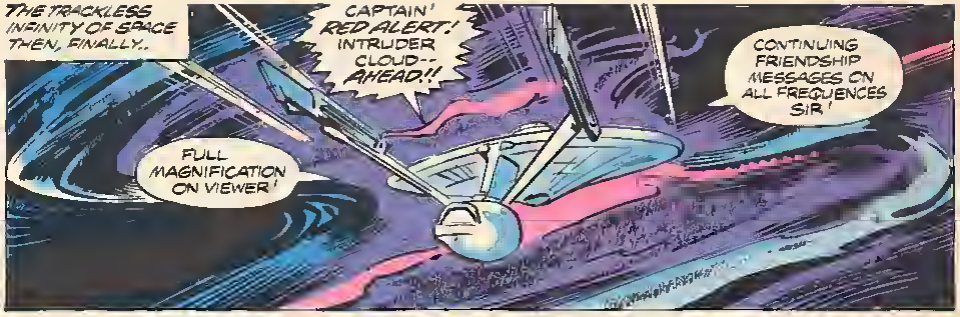






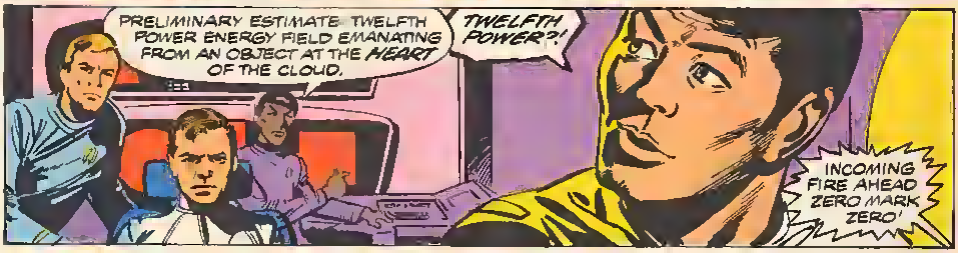





THE TRACKLESS INFINITY OF SPACE THEN, FINALLY..
CAPTAIN! RED ALERT! INTRUDER CLOUD-- AHEAD!!
CONTINUING FRIENDSHIP MESSAGES ON ALL FREQUENCES SIR!
FULL MAGNIFICATION ON VIEWER!

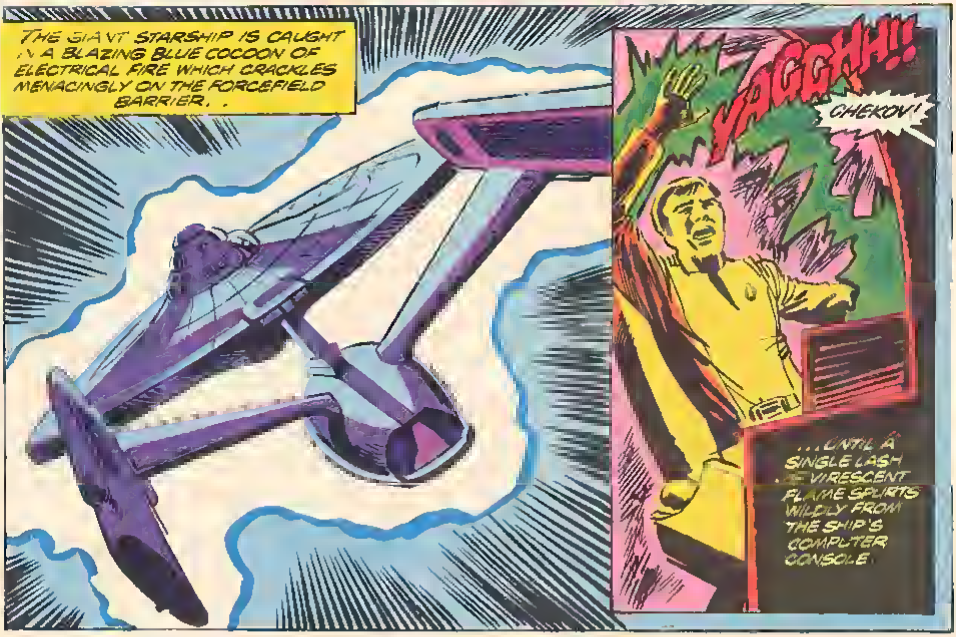

WE ARE BEING SCANNED, CAPTAIN!
DO NOT RETURN SCAN, MR SPOCK IT MAY BE MISINTERPRETED AS HOSTILITY!
WE'LL TAKE NO PROVOCATVE ACTION!

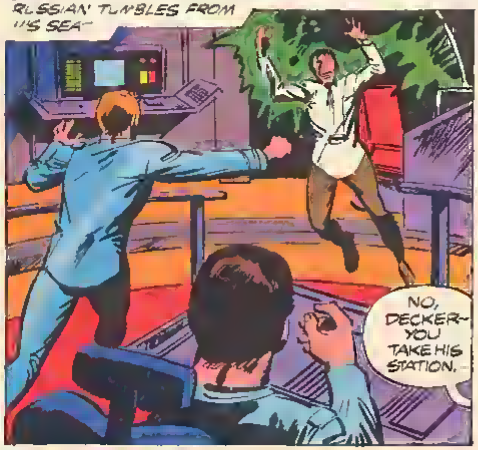

CAPTAIN, WE VE SEEN WHAT THEIR WEAPONS CAN DO SHOULDN T WE TAKE ANY POSSIBLE PRECAUTION--
I WILL NOT PROVOKE AN ATTACK, MR DECKER. IF THAT ORDER ISN'T CLEAR TO YOU


PRELIMINARY ESTIMATE: TWELFTH POWER ENERGY FIELD EMANATING FROM AN OBJECT AT THE HEART OF THE CLOUD.
TWELFTH POWER?!
INCOMING FIRE AHEAD ZERO MARK ZERO!


WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
FORCEFIELDS NOW!! DEFLECTORS UP FULL!!

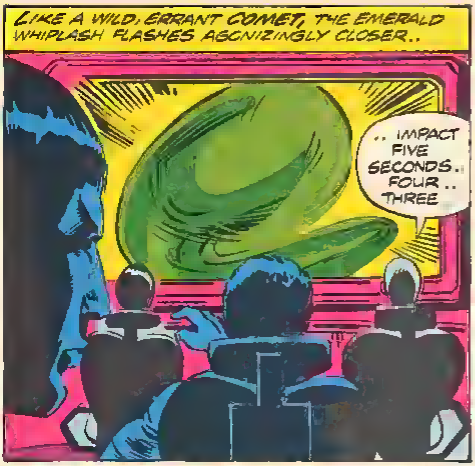

THE WRITHING EMERALD WHIPLASH OF ENERGY EXPLODES AGAINST THE ENTERPRISE DEFLECTORS WITH AN UNEARTHLY SHRILLING SCREAM...
...AS ALL GOES BLACK LIKE THE DARKEST PITCH OF SPACE.


THE GIANT STARSHIP IS CAUGHT IN A BLAZING BLUE COCOON OF ELECTRICAL FIRE WHICH CRACKLES MENACINGLY ON THE FORCEFIELD BARRIER. .
YAGGHH!!
CHEKOV!
...UNTIL A SINGLE LASH OF VIRESCENT FLAME SPURTS WILDLY FROM THE SHIP'S COMPUTER CONSOLE!

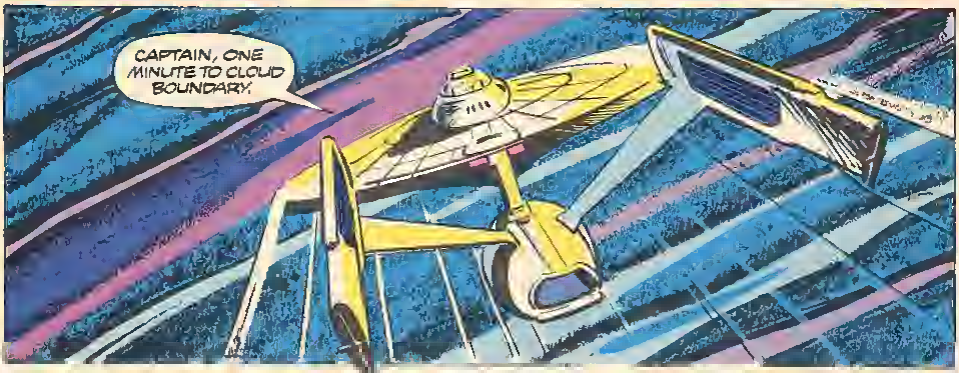

WILLARD DECKER LUNGES FORWARD AS THE YOUNG RUSSIAN TUMBLES FROM HIS SEAT
NO, DECKER- YOU TAKE HIS STATION.

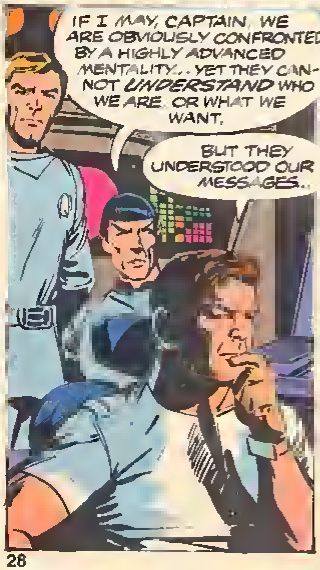

I CAN STOP HIS PAIN!
ENGINEERIN' T'BRIDGE, WE CANNA HOLD POWER ON THE FORCEFIELDS, CAP'N DEFLECTOR POWER IS DOWN A FULL SEVENTY PERCENT!


MR SPOCK--?
CAPTAIN. THE INTRUDER HAS BEEN ATTEMPTING TO COMMUNICATE.
THEIR FREQUENCY IS GREATER THAN ONE MILLION MEGAHERTZ. AT SUCH HIGH SPEEDS THEIR ENTIRE MESSAGE LASTS ONLY A MILLISECOND!
THEN YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.
PROGRAMMING COMPUTER NOW, SIR-- SENDING LINGUACODE ON THEIR FREQUENCY AT THEIR SPEED!
THEN YOU'D BETTER HURRY MR. SPOCK. IT LOOKS LIKE OUR FRIENDS ARE HAVING ANOTHER GO AT US.
ENGINEERING, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO OUR FORCE-FIELDS?
SYSTEMS ARE OVERLOADING CAP'N, THERE'S NO WAY OUR SHIELDS CAN HANDLE ANOTHER ATTACK!
IMPACT IN FIFTEEN SECONDS ...TEN... NINE...
TRANSMIT, MR SPOCK-- NOW!
TRANS-MITTING!


LIKE A WILD, ERRANT COMET, THE EMERALD WHIPLASH FLASHES AGONIZINGLY CLOSER..
.. IMPACT FIVE SECONDS.. FOUR .. THREE

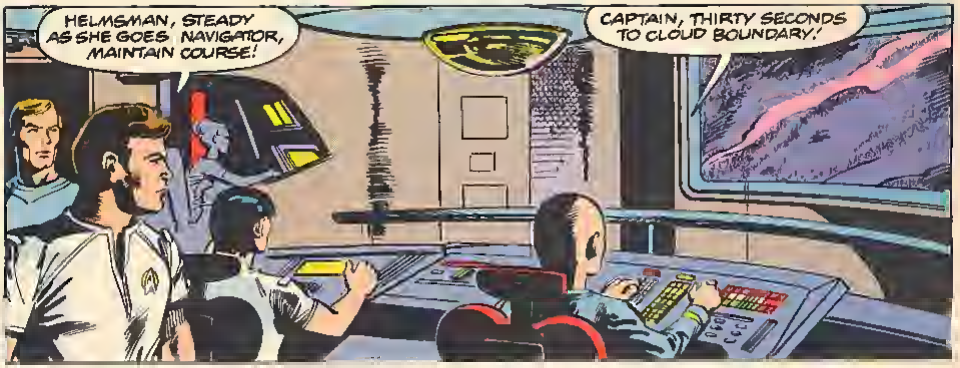

THEN, SUDDENLY, IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE-- THE VERDANT BOLT IS GONE...
IT APPEARS THAT OUR FRIENDSHIP MESSAGES HAVE BEEN RECEIVED AND UNDERSTOOD, CAPTAIN
IT DOES APPEAR THAT WAY, DOESN'T IT, MR. SPOCK?


CAPTAIN, ONE MINUTE TO CLOUD BOUNDARY.

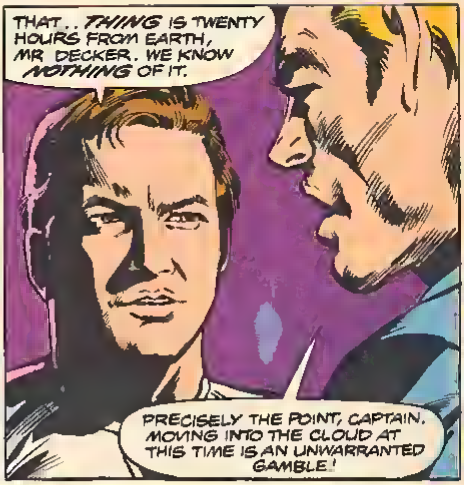

IF I MAY, CAPTAIN, WE ARE OBVIOUSLY CONFRONTED BY A HIGHLY ADVANCED MENTALITY... YET THEY CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHO WE ARE, OR WHAT WE WANT.
BUT THEY UNDERSTOOD OUR MESSAGES..

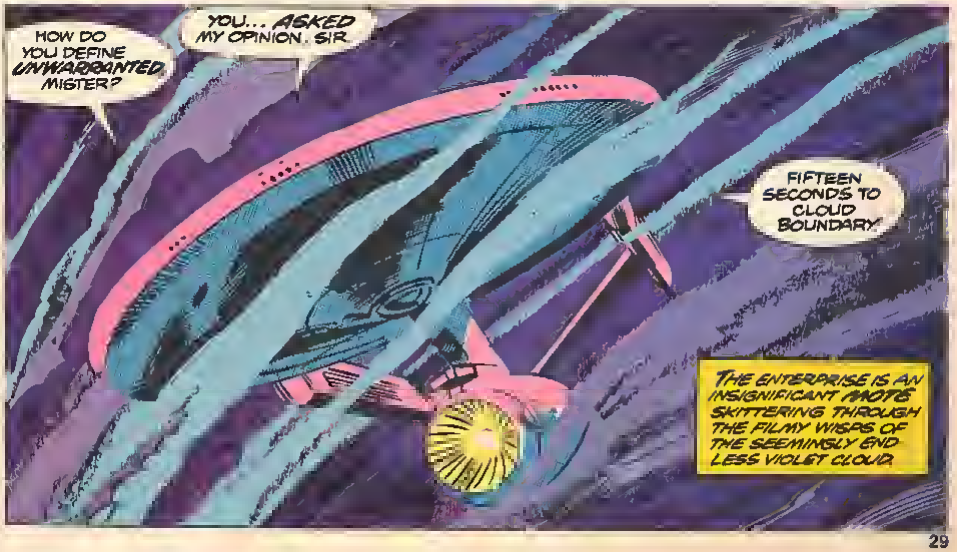

...THEY BROKE OFF THEIR ATTACK,
THEY MAY HAVE ONLY ATTACKED US AS A WARNING, CAPTAIN. TO KEEP US AWAY.


THAT WOULD PRESUPPOSE A FEELING, COMMANDER--
YET, I SENSED NO EMOTION ONLY..
...PURE LOGIC!

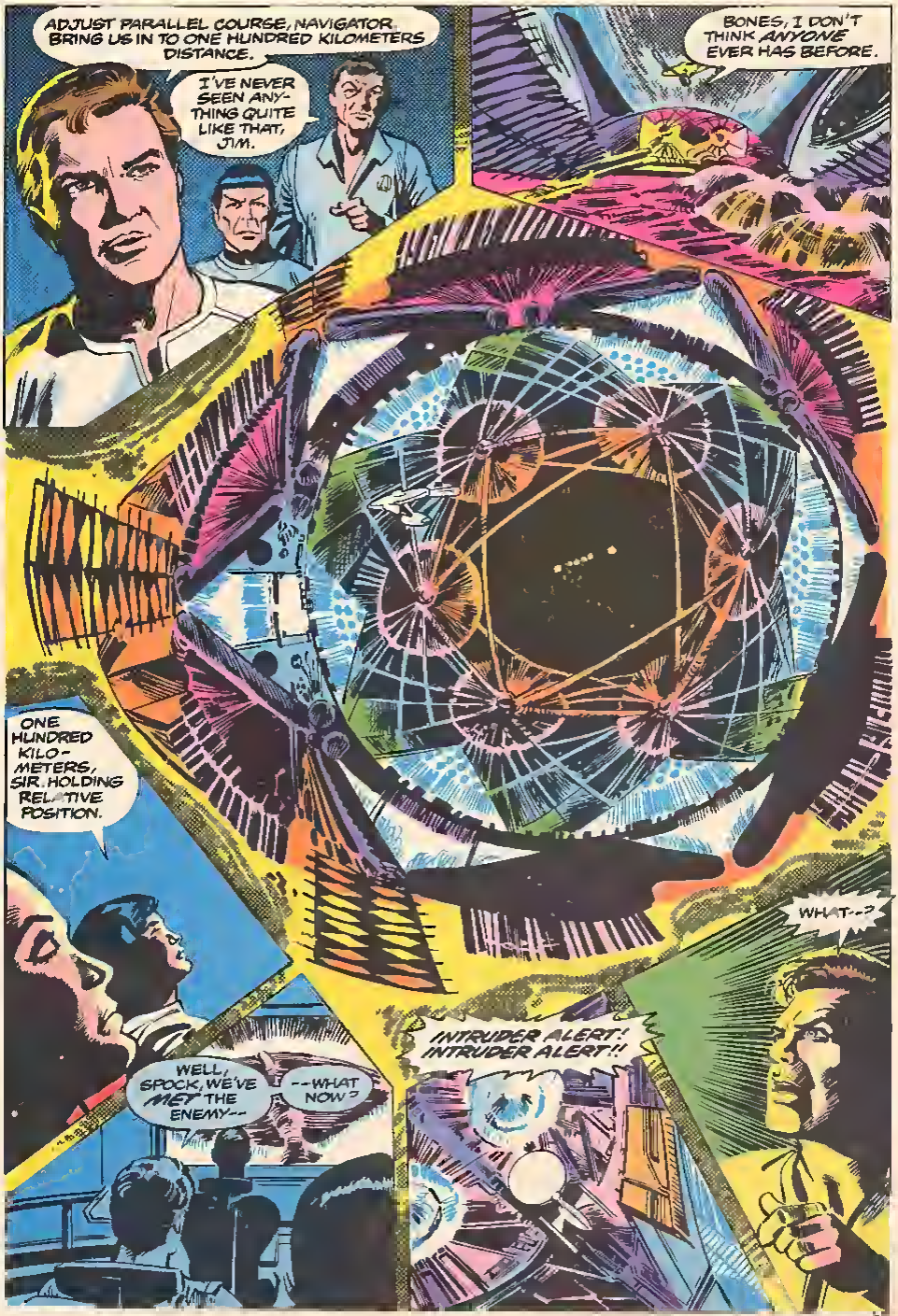

HELMSMAN, STEADY AS SHE GOES. NAVIGATOR, MAINTAIN COURSE!
CAPTAIN, THIRTY SECONDS TO CLOUD BOUNDARY!

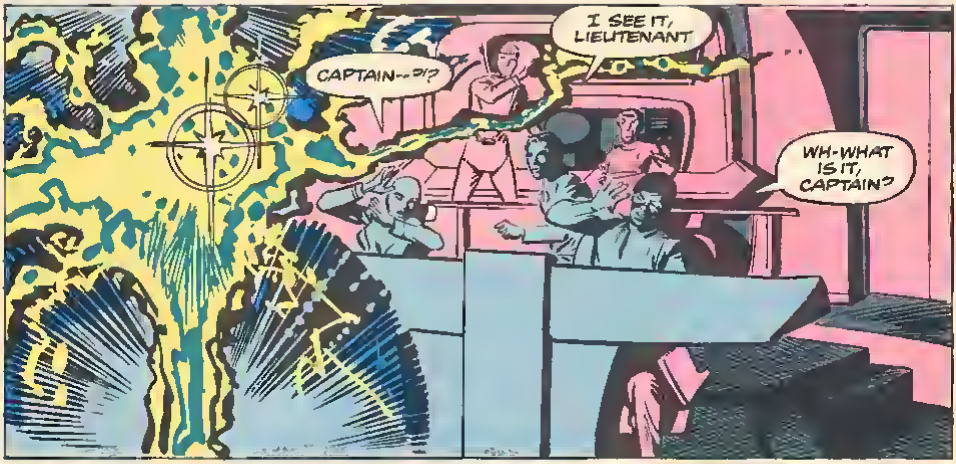

OPINION, MR. SPOCK?
RECOMMEND THAT WE PROCEED, CAPTAIN!
MR. DECKER.?
I'D ADVISE CAUTION, SIR; WE CAN'T WITHSTAND ANOTHER ATTACK!


THAT.. THING IS TWENTY HOURS FROM EARTH, MR. DECKER. WE KNOW NOTHING OF IT.
PRECISELY THE POINT, CAPTAIN. MOVING INTO THE CLOUD AT THIS TIME IS AN UNWARRANTED GAMBLE!

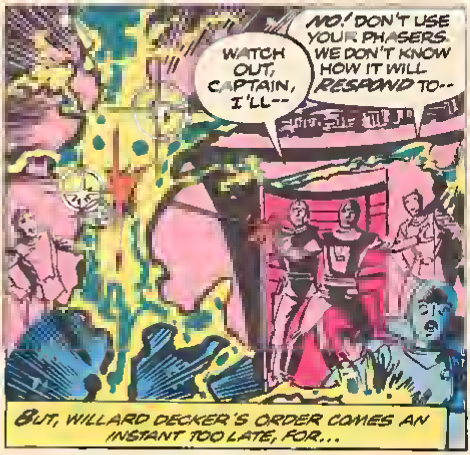

HOW DO YOU DEFINE UNWARRANTED, MISTER?
YOU... ASKED MY OPINION, SIR.
FIFTEEN SECONDS TO CLOUD BOUNDARY.
THE ENTERPRISE IS AN INSIGNIFICANT MOTE SKITTERING THROUGH THE FILMY WISPS OF THE SEEMINGLY END-LESS VIOLET CLOUD.


THEN, AS IF SWALLOWED BY SOME GIANT MAW, THE STARSHIP DISAPPEARS INTO THE THICK, MURKY VASTNESS...
INSTRUMENTS FLUCTUATING, CAPTAIN! PATTERNS ARE UNRECOGNIZABLE!
NO VESSEL COULD GENERATE A POWERFIELD OF THIS MAGNITUDE, SPOCK!
CAPTAIN--LOOK!
SIR...IT'S INCREDIBLE! I MAKE IT AS SEVENTY-EIGHT KILOMETERS IN LENGTH!
IT...COULD HOLD A CREW OF TENS OF THOUSANDS!
CAPTAIN, THAT VESSEL IS GENERATING A FORCEFIELD MEASURABLY GREATER THAN THE RADIATION OF THE EARTH'S SUN!
SPOCK, WHAT IN HELL IS IT?
IT'S UNBELIEVABLE, CAPTAIN...SIMPLY UNBELIEVABLE!
WE'RE CLOSING IN ON IT RAPIDLY, CAPTAIN!


ADJUST PARALLEL COURSE, NAVIGATOR. BRING US IN TO ONE HUNDRED KILOMETERS DISTANCE.
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING QUITE LIKE THAT, JIM.
BONES, I DON'T THINK ANYONE EVER HAS BEFORE.
ONE HUNDRED KILOMETERS, SIR. HOLDING RELATIVE POSITION.
WELL, SPOCK, WE'VE MET THE ENEMY--
--WHAT NOW?
INTRUDER ALERT! INTRUDER ALERT!!
WHAT--?

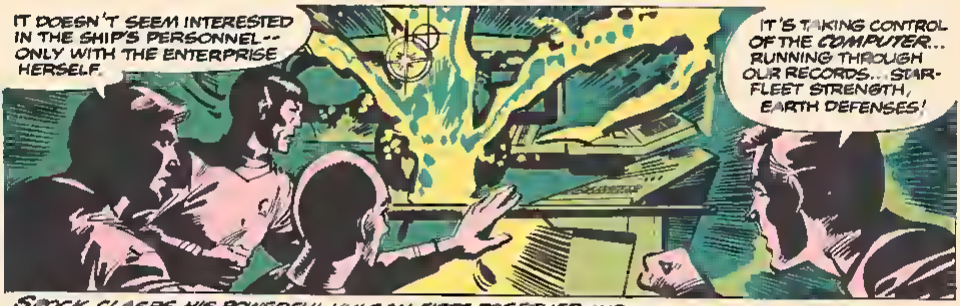

CAPTAIN--?!?
I SEE IT, LIEUTENANT
WH-WHAT IS IT, CAPTAIN?


SPOCK--?
TRICORDER READINGS SHOW IT TO BE A HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED PLASMA ENERGY SOURCE
AND IT DOES APPEAR TO BE ALIVE.


WATCH OUT, CAPTAIN, I'LL--
NO! DON'T USE YOUR PHASERS. WE DON'T KNOW HOW IT WILL RESPOND TO--
BUT, WILLARD DECKER'S ORDER COMES AN INSTANT TOO LATE, FOR...

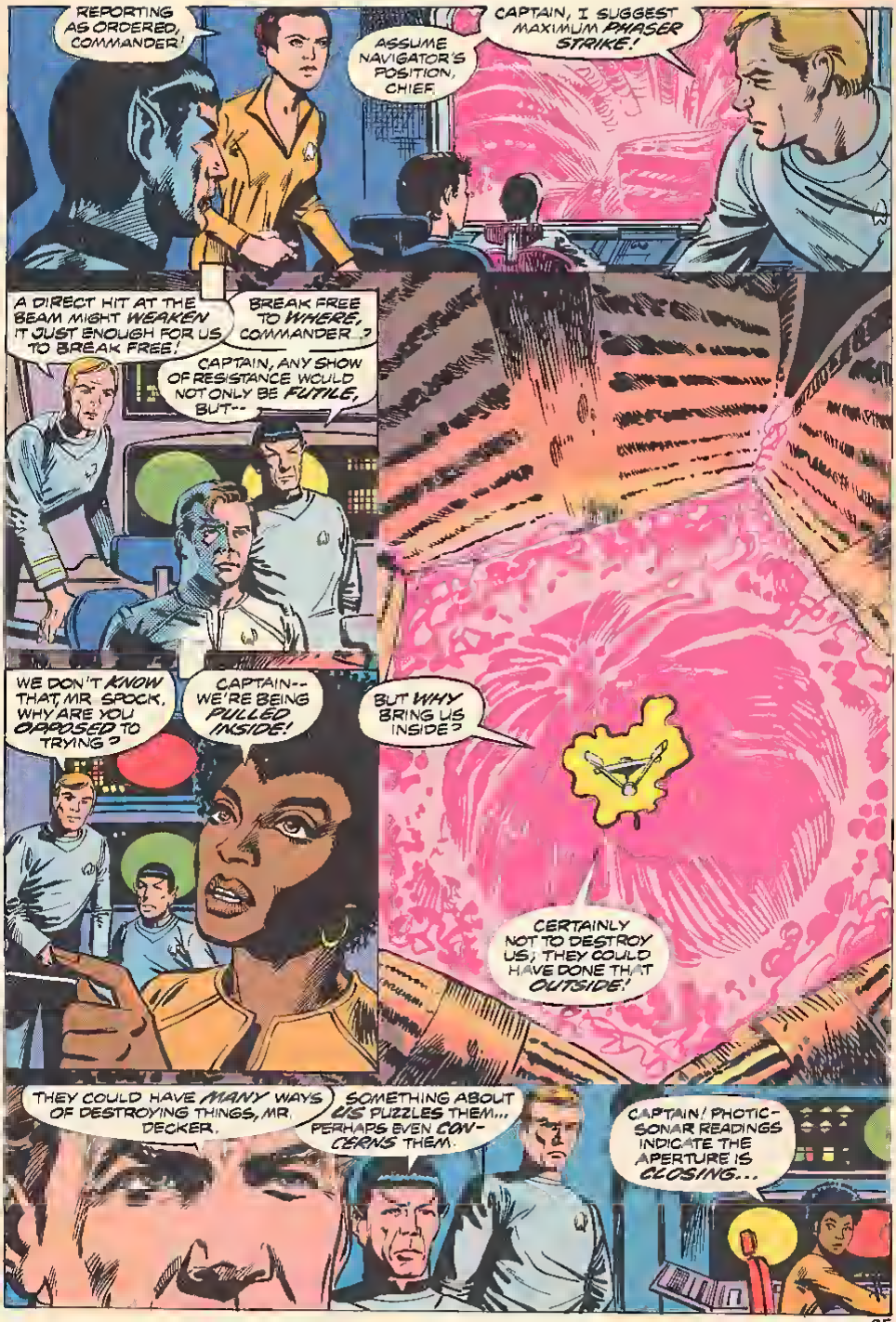

ARRG
AHH!


SECURITY! DO NOT SEND UP ANY FURTHER TEAMS! DO YOU READ ME--NO FURTHER TEAMS!
HE'S GONE! THAT THING'S DESTROYED HIM!



SPOCK CLASPS HIS POWERFUL VULCAN FISTS TOGETHER AND SMASHES THEM DOWN WITH A SHATTERING BLOW IN A FLURRY OF SPUTTERING FIRE AND SPARKS. THE COMPUTER CONSOLE SPLITS WIDE...


SHE'S GONE...
CAPTAIN--
THIS IS HOW I DEFINE UNWARRANTED!!
SUDDENLY THE AMPLIFIED CLANGOR OF KLAXONS REVERBERATE THROUGH THE BRIDGE...
CAPTAIN, WE'VE BEEN SEIZED BY A TRACTOR BEAM...
CANNOT BREAK FREE, CAPTAIN WE DO NOT HAVE A FRACTION OF THE POWER NECESSARY!
THE SHIP IS UNDER ATTACK! MAN ALL DEFENSIVE STATIONS!
FORCE-FIELDS... FULL REMAINING STRENGTH-- TOTAL RESERVE!!
GET SOMEONE UP HERE TO TAKE THE NAVIGATOR'S STATION!
CHIEF DeFALCO, TO THE BRIDGE; ON THE DOUBLE!
BELAY THAT ORDER, SCOTTY-- DISENGAGE ALL MAIN DRIVE SYSTEMS!
ENGINEERING... FULL EMERGENCY POWER!
GOIN' FULL EMERGENCY... BU', CAP'N--
IF WE CANNA BREAK FREE IN FIFTEEN SECONDS, THE ENTERPRISE, SHE'LL BURN UP!


REPORTING AS ORDERED, COMMANDER!
ASSUME NAVIGATOR'S POSITION, CHIEF.
CAPTAIN, I SUGGEST MAXIMUM PHASER STRIKE!
A DIRECT HIT AT THE BEAM MIGHT WEAKEN IT JUST ENOUGH FOR US TO BREAK FREE!
BREAK FREE TO WHERE, COMMANDER...?
CAPTAIN, ANY SHOW OF RESISTANCE WOULD NOT ONLY BE FUTILE, BUT--
WE DON'T KNOW THAT, MR. SPOCK. WHY ARE YOU OPPOSED TO TRYING?
CAPTAIN-- WE'RE BEING PULLED INSIDE!
BUT WHY BRING US INSIDE?
CERTAINLY NOT TO DESTROY US; THEY COULD HAVE DONE THAT OUTSIDE!
THEY COULD HAVE MANY WAYS OF DESTROYING THINGS, MR. DECKER.
SOMETHING ABOUT US PUZZLES THEM... PERHAPS EVEN CONCERNS THEM.
CAPTAIN! PHOTIC-SONAR READINGS INDICATE THE APERTURE IS CLOSING...

WE'RE TRAPPED, SIR!

CAPTAIN'S LOG STARDATE 7413.9

WE HAVE BEEN SWALLOWED UP BY SOMETHING SITUATED WITHIN THE INVADING SPACE ENERGY CLOUD THAT DEFIES ALL POSSIBLE DESCRIPTION.

THE TRACTOR BEAM HAS RELEASED US, CAPTAIN.

CONFIRMED: VESSEL IS FLOATING FREE. NO FORWARD MOMENTUM!

MANEUVERING THRUSTERS, MR. SULU--AHEAD ONE THIRD!

THRUSTERS AHEAD, SIR.

FULL SENSOR SCAN, MR. SPOCK--THEY CAN'T EXPECT US NOT TO LOOK THEM OVER NOW!

INTRUDER ALERT! INTRUDER ALERT!

DECK FOUR, CAPTAIN, OFFICERS' QUARTERS!

HAVE A SECURITY TEAM MEET ME AT THE ELEVATOR, MR. CHEKOV!

HOLD PRESENT POSITION, MR. DECKER. SPOCK, COME WITH ME. UHURA, NOTIFY McCOY

CAPTAIN, THE INTRUDER SEEMS TO BE IN--

YES, I KNOW, SPOCK--LIEUTENANT ILIA'S CHAMBERS!

JIM, LOOK! THERE'S A WOMAN IN THERE!

SUDDENLY, THE TRANSLUCENT SHOWER WALL IS GONE, AND.

I HAVE BEEN PROGRAMMED BY V'GER TO OBSERVE AND RECORD NORMAL FUNCTIONS OF THE CARBON-BASED UNITS INFESTING U S S ENTERPRISE

BONES-- CAN THAT BE LT ILIA--?

BY GOD, JIM-- THIS IS SOME KIND OF MECHANISM!

WHERE IS THE REAL LT ILIA?

THAT UNIT NO LONGER FUNCTIONS I HAVE BEEN GIVEN ITS FORM TO MORE READILY COMMUNICATE WITH THE CARBON-BASED UNITS INFESTING ENTERPRISE.

CARBON-BASED UNITS--?

HUMANS, CAPTAIN-- US!

WHO IS THIS..V'GER--?

V'GER IS THAT WHICH PROGRAMMED ME.

TO FIND THE CREATOR..TO JOIN WITH HIM.

WHY IS THIS V'GER TRAVELLING TOWARD OUR WORLD?

JOIN WITH THE CREATOR--? HOW?

V'GER AND THE CREATOR WILL BECOME ONE!

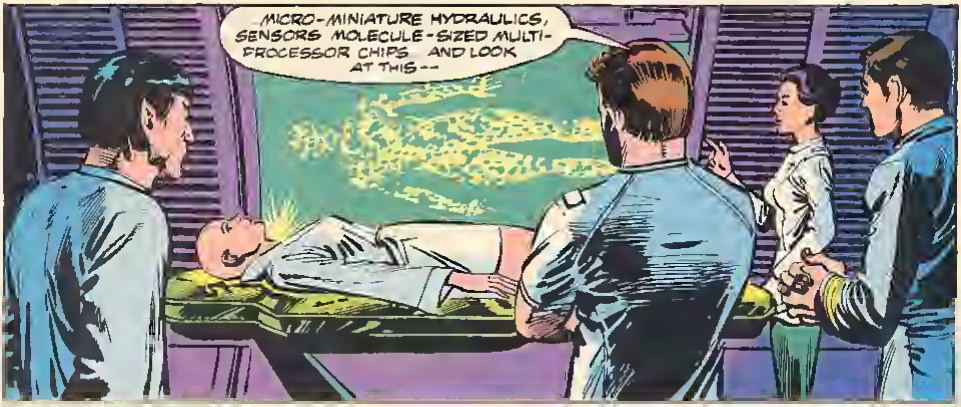
DOCTOR, A THOROUGH EXAMINATION OF THIS PROBE MIGHT PROVIDE SOME INSIGHT INTO ITS MANUFACTURER, AND HOW TO DEAL WITH IT.

I AM PROGRAMMED TO OBSERVE AND RECORD NORMAL FUNCTIONING PROCEDURES OF THE CARBON-BASED UNITS.

THE EXAMINATION IS A NORMAL FUNCTION.

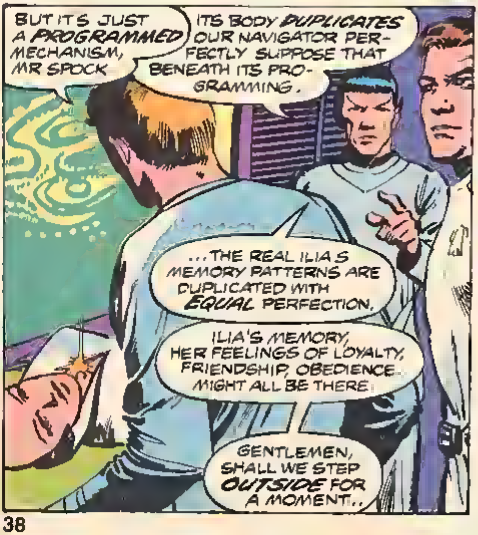
YOU MAY PROCEED.

THEN LET'S GET ON WITH IT.


MICRO-MINIATURE HYDRAULICS, SENSORS MOLECULE-SIZED MULTI-PROCESSOR CHIPS... AND LOOK AT THIS--


AN OSMOTIC MICRO-PUMP...HERE AND HERE... EVEN THE SMALLEST BODY FUNCTIONS ARE EXACTLY DUPLICATED.
AND EVERY EXOCRINE SYSTEM IS HERE, TOO--EVEN EYE MOISTURE!


THEN, PART FOR PART, THIS PROBE IS LIEUTENANT ILIA, EVEN IF--
CAPTAIN, I--ILIA--? BUT--?
DECKER...
INTERESTING, NOT 'DECKER-UNIT'?
CAPTAIN...THIS PROBE MAY BE A KEY TO THE ALIENS.


BUT IT'S JUST A PROGRAMMED MECHANISM, MR SPOCK
ITS BODY DUPLICATES OUR NAVIGATOR PERFECTLY. SUPPOSE THAT BENEATH ITS PROGRAMMING...
...THE REAL ILIA'S MEMORY PATTERNS ARE DUPLICATED WITH EQUAL PERFECTION.
ILIA'S MEMORY, HER FEELINGS OF LOYALTY, FRIENDSHIP, OBEDIENCE... MIGHT ALL BE THERE!
GENTLEMEN, SHALL WE STEP OUTSIDE FOR A MOMENT...


COMMANDER, YOU DID HAVE A 'RELATIONSHIP' WITH LIEUTENANT ILIA
BUT THAT PROBE IN THERE--IN A DIFFERENT FORM--IS WHAT KILLED ILIA
MR DECKER, WE'RE LOCKED IN AN ALIEN VESSEL, SIX HOURS FROM EARTH ORBIT--OUR ONLY CONTACT WITH OUR CAPTORS IS THAT PROBE. IF WE CAN CONTROL IT, PERSUADE IT, USE IT IN SOME WAY...

SUDDENLY THERE IS THE RASPING SOUND OF METAL BUCKLING... TEARING... AND THEN...

I HAVE RECORDED ENOUGH HERE. YOU WILL NOW ASSIST ME FURTHER, CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN, IT APPEARS THIS PROBE CANNOT EASILY BE CONTAINED.

UMMM... THE DECKER-UNIT CAN ASSIST YOU WITH MUCH GREATER EFFICIENCY.

CARRY ON WITH YOUR ASSIGNMENT, MR. DECKER.

BUT, SIR-- HOW--?

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS, MISTER.

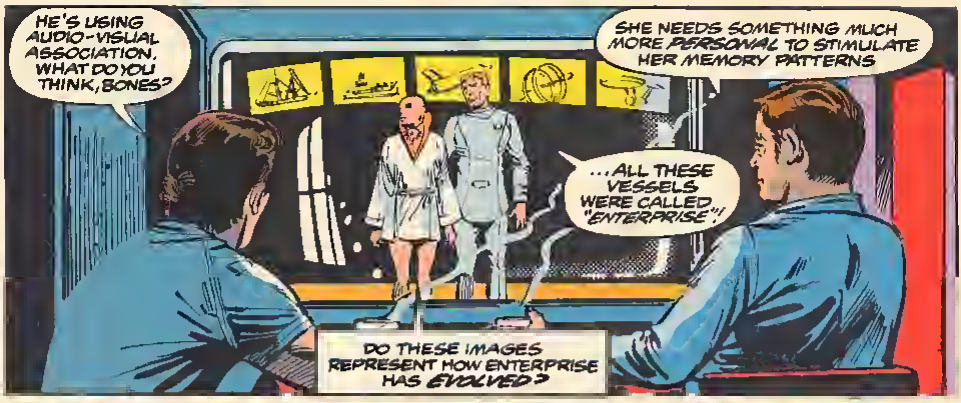
AYE, SIR.

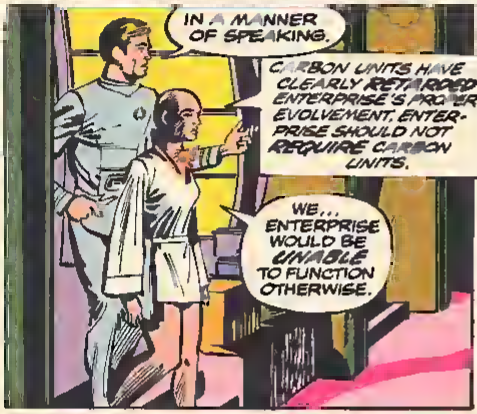
YOU SEEM CONCERNED, SPOCK... WITH HIS CHANCES?

I AM... UNEASY WITH THAT BEING OUR ONLY HOPE OF MORE INFORMATION...

THAT IS ALL.

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 7414.1. OUR BEST ESTIMATES PLACE US SOME FOUR HOURS FROM EARTH. NO SIGNIFICANT PROGRESS THUS FAR REVIVING ILIA'S MEMORY PATTERNS WITHIN THE SPACE PROBE. UNFORTUNATELY, THIS REMAINS OUR ONLY MEANS OF CONTACT WITH OUR CAPTOR.





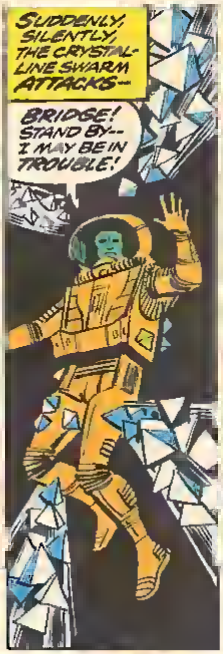
HIS LEAN FACE IS GRIM AS HE STEPS SILENTLY FROM THE ENTERPRISE AIRLOCK.

SPOCK BREATHES IN DEEPLY, THEN, WITH A MINIMUM OF EFFORT, FLOATS FROM THE OPEN HATCH INTO THE CRUEL DARKNESS OF SPACE.

ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE, THE SUDDEN SHOCK OF SPOCK'S PRONOUNCEMENT LEADS TO FURIOUS ACTION.

AND, ONLY MOMENTS LATER.

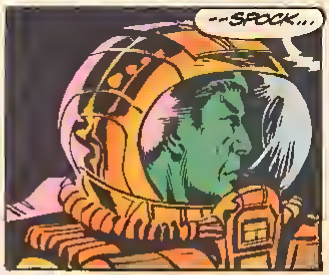

BRIDGE, CAPTAIN-- WE MAKE SPOCK AT 26 MARK 345 DEGREES OFF SHIP'S AXIS.
I HAVE HIM IN SIGHT, MR. SULU.
BUT--


SUDDENLY, SILENTLY, THE CRYSTALLINE SWARM ATTACKS--
BRIDGE! STAND BY-- I MAY BE IN TROUBLE!


YOUR PHASER, CAPTAIN-- USE YOUR PHASER...!
CAN'T.. REACH.. PHAS-- AAA-GHHH!!

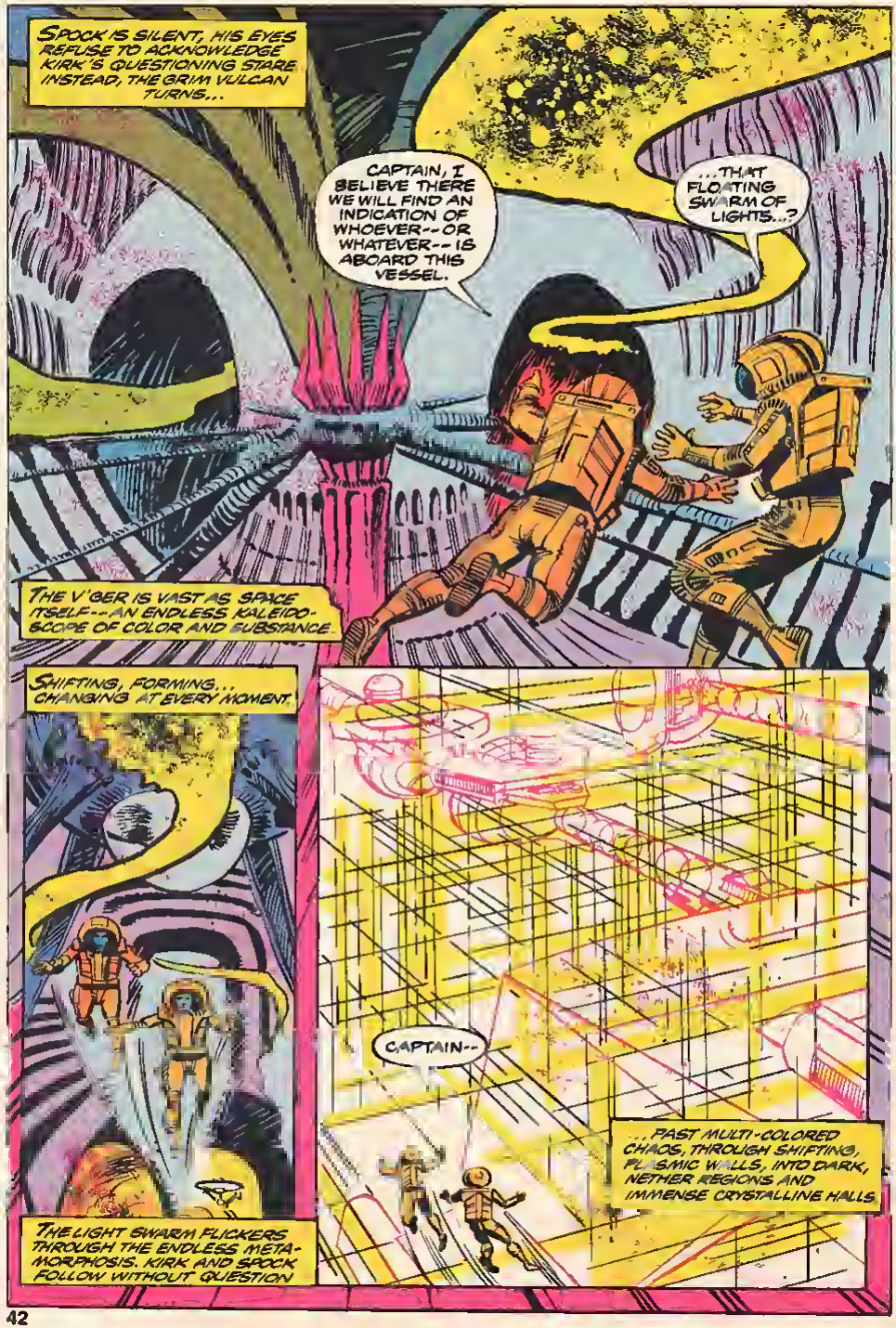

MR. SPOCK! THE CAPTAIN IS IN TROUBLE BEHIND YOU! MR. SPOCK!!
NO RESPONSE

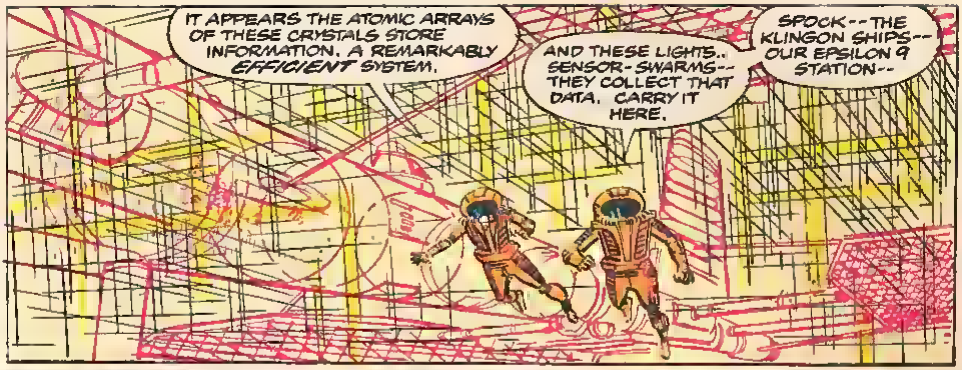

...SPOCK... NEED HELP. PRESSURE ON ME... CAN'T... MOVE...

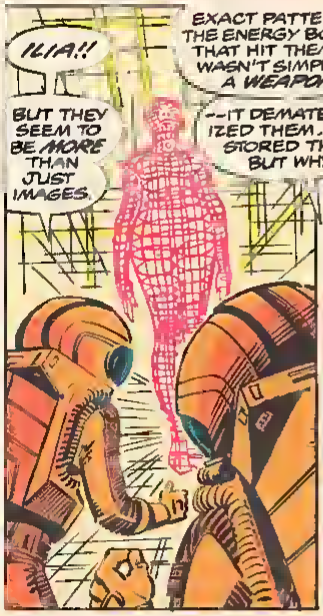

--SPOCK...

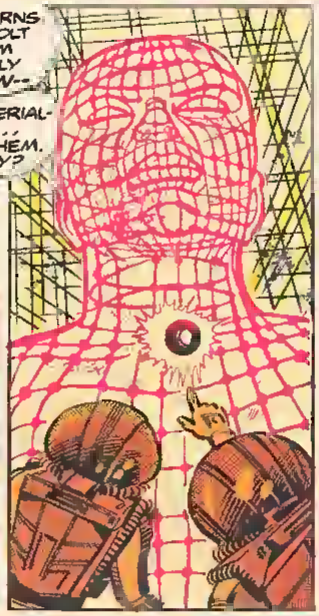

FOR AN AGONIZINGLY LONG MOMENT, THE GRIM VULCAN HESITATES.
THEN...


SPOCK!! WHAT IN HELL ARE YOU DOING? WHY ARE YOU OUT HERE?
I'M SEEKING ANSWERS, CAPTAIN.
TO WHAT, SPOCK? OUR DILEMMA--
--OR YOUR PERSONAL ONE--?

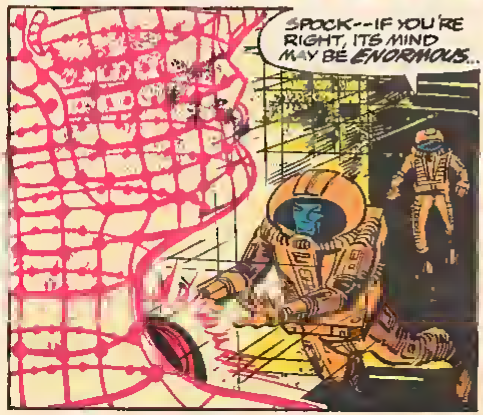

SPOCK IS SILENT, HIS EYES REFUSE TO ACKNOWLEDGE KIRK'S QUESTIONING STARE. INSTEAD, THE GRIM VULCAN TURNS...
CAPTAIN, I BELIEVE THERE WE WILL FIND AN INDICATION OF WHOEVER--OR WHATEVER--IS ABOARD THIS VESSEL.
...THAT FLOATING SWARM OF LIGHTS...?
THE V'GER IS VAST AS SPACE ITSELF--AN ENDLESS KALEIDOSCOPE OF COLOR AND SUBSTANCE.
SHIFTING, FORMING... CHANGING AT EVERY MOMENT.
THE LIGHT SWARM FLICKERS THROUGH THE ENDLESS METAMORPHOSIS. KIRK AND SPOCK FOLLOW WITHOUT QUESTION
CAPTAIN--
...PAST MULTI-COLORED CHAOS, THROUGH SHIFTING, PLASMIC WALLS, INTO DARK, NETHER REGIONS AND IMMENSE CRYSTALLINE HALLS

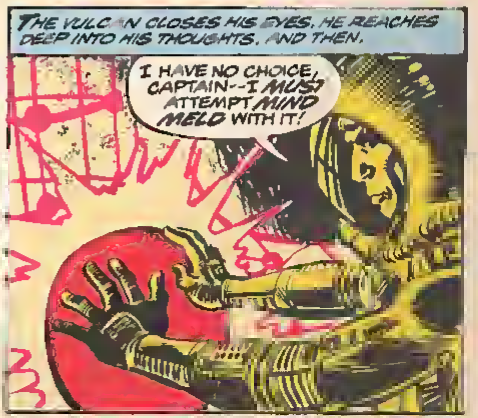

IT APPEARS THE ATOMIC ARRAYS OF THESE CRYSTALS STORE INFORMATION. A REMARKABLY EFFICIENT SYSTEM.
AND THESE LIGHTS.. SENSOR-SWARMS-- THEY COLLECT THAT DATA. CARRY IT HERE.
SPOCK--THE KLINGON SHIPS-- OUR EPSILON 9 STATION--


ILIA!!
EXACT PATTERNS THE ENERGY BOLT THAT HIT THEM WASN'T SIMPLY A WEAPON--
--IT DEMATERIALIZED THEM... STORED THEM. BUT WHY?
BUT THEY SEEM TO BE MORE THAN JUST IMAGES.



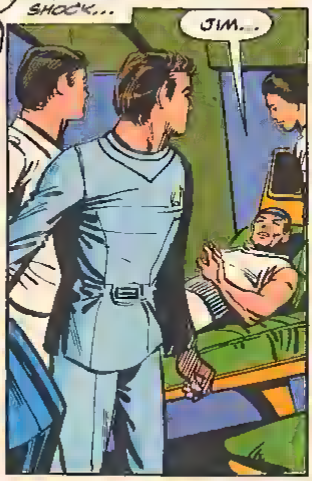

IF THIS IS THE SHIP'S DATA BANK, WHERE IS THE CREW?
I DO NOT BELIEVE THERE IS A CREW-- OR THAT THIS IS A VESSEL AS SUCH.
I AM ALMOST CERTAIN NOW THAT ALL OF THIS IS V'GER-- I BELIEVE THAT WE ARE INSIDE A LIFE FORM.
CAPTAIN--


SPOCK--IF YOU'RE RIGHT, ITS MIND MAY BE ENORMOUS..


THE VULCAN CLOSES HIS EYES. HE REACHES DEEP INTO HIS THOUGHTS. AND THEN.
I HAVE NO CHOICE, CAPTAIN--I MUST ATTEMPT MIND MELD WITH IT!


"NOW SCANNING PONS AREA AT SPINAL NERVE FIBER CONNECTION..."

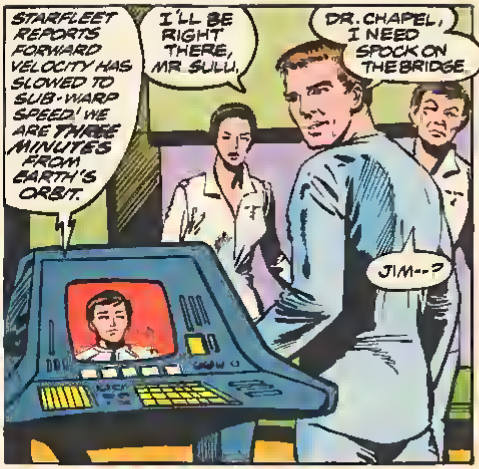

INDICATIONS OF SOME NEUROLOGICAL TRAUMA-- THE POWER POURING THROUGH THAT MIND MELD MUST HAVE BEEN STAGGERING!

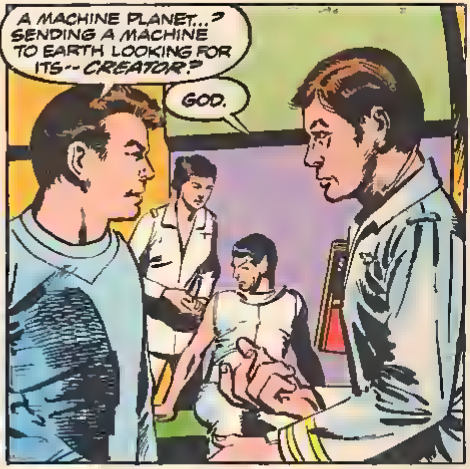

THEY TURN FROM SPOCK, BUT A HARSH, BITTER LAUGH FORCES THEM TO WHIRL IN SHOCK...
JIM...

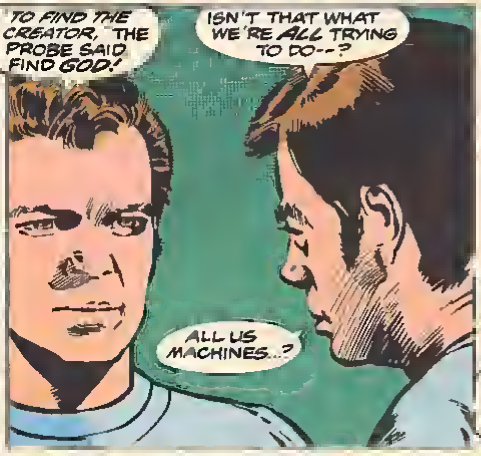

THE VULCAN REACHES OUT WEAKLY AND CLASPS KIRK'S HAND IN HIS OWN.
THIS SIMPLE FEELING ..IS SO FAR BEYOND V'GER'S COMPREHENSION...
WERE YOU RIGHT, SPOCK? V'GER IS A LIVING MACHINE?


A LIFE FORM OF ITS OWN. . A CONSCIOUS LIVING ENTITY.
I--I SAW V'GER'S PLANET-- A PLANET POPULATED BY LIVING MACHINES...UNBELIEVABLE TECHNOLOGY V'GER'S KNOWLEDGE SPANS THE UNIVERSE...
BUT, JIM-- IN ALL THIS ORDER ...ALL THIS MAGNIFICENCE... V'GER FEELS NO AWE, NO DELIGHT, NO BEAUTY. I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN
WHAT SHOULD YOU HAVE KNOWN?

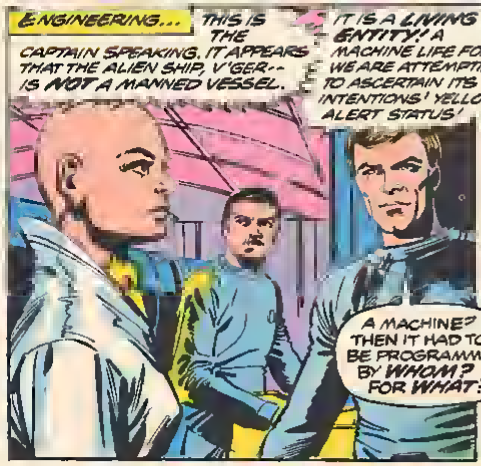

NO MEANING...NO HOPE AND, JIM-- NO ANSWERS. JIM, IT'S LOOKING FOR ANSWERS ITSELF!
WHAT ANSWERS?
'IS THIS ALL I AM? IS THERE NOT MORE?'


STARFLEET REPORTS FORWARD VELOCITY HAS SLOWED TO SUB-WARP SPEED! WE ARE THREE MINUTES FROM EARTH'S ORBIT.
I'LL BE RIGHT THERE, MR SULU.
DR. CHAPEL, I NEED SPOCK ON THE BRIDGE.
JIM--?


A MACHINE PLANET...? SENDING A MACHINE TO EARTH LOOKING FOR ITS--CREATOR?
GOD.

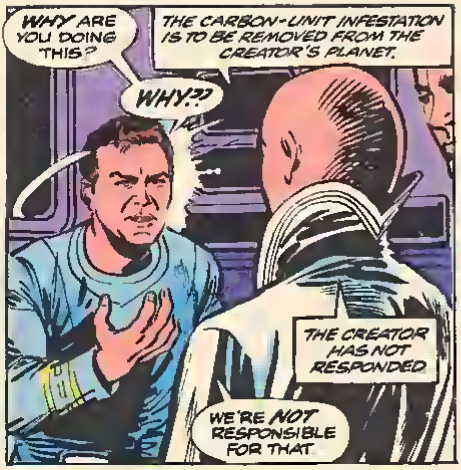

TO FIND THE CREATOR, THE PROBE SAID FIND GOD!
ISN'T THAT WHAT WE'RE ALL TRYING TO DO--?
ALL US MACHINES...?

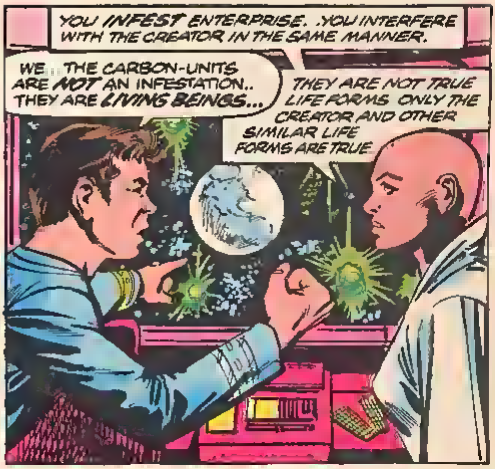

MR. CHEKOV, COMMANDER DECKER'S PRESENT LOCATION?
HE...THEY... ARE IN ENGINEERING, SIR!
I WANT TO MAKE WHAT WILL SOUND LIKE A SHIP'S ANNOUNCEMENT... BUT PATCH IT IN ONLY TO ENGINEERING.


ENGINEERING...
THIS IS THE CAPTAIN SPEAKING. IT APPEARS THAT THE ALIEN SHIP, V'GER-- IS NOT A MANNED VESSEL.
IT IS A LIVING ENTITY! A MACHINE LIFE FORM WE ARE ATTEMPTING TO ASCERTAIN ITS INTENTIONS! YELLOW ALERT STATUS!
A MACHINE? THEN IT HAD TO BE PROGRAMMED BY WHOM? FOR WHAT?


TO LEARN ALL THAT IS LEARNABLE; TO DELIVER THAT DATA TO THE CREATOR.
THERE IS NO LOGICAL REASON FOR CARBON UNITS TO CONTROL ENTERPRISE'S POWER SYSTEM.
LASSIE, IF I WERE FUNCTIONIN' 'LOGICALLY', RIGHT NOW I'D BE SHOWIN' YE THE INSIDE OF THE SCRAP METAL COMPACTOR.


CAPTAIN! WE'RE GETTING INTERFERENCE, FROM RIGHT HERE, SIR--INSIDE THE ALIEN VESSEL.
A SIMPLY BINARY CODE... TRANSMITTED BY RADIO!
RADIO? FROM V'GER--WHO THE HELL IS IT SENDING A SIGNAL TO?
V'GER SIGNALS THE CREATOR.
SAYING WHAT? HERE I AM?
CAPTAIN! THE INTRUDER IS RELEASING SEVERAL LARGE OBJECTS...
ALL PLANETARY DEFENSIVE SYSTEMS HAVE JUST GONE INOPERATIVE.
MY GOD! THEY'RE THE SAME THINGS THAT HIT US!
NO, DOCTOR. IT'S SAYING, 'I HAVE LEARNED ALL THAT IS LEARNABLE.'
NO, DOCTOR. EACH ONE IS SEVERAL TIMES MORE POWERFUL CAPTAIN. FINAL POSITIONING WILL OCCUR IN 29.2 MINUTES
AT WHICH TIME DETENATION WILL BLANKET THE ENTIRE PLANET.
SIR, THEY'LL DESTROY EVERY LIVING THING ON EARTH!!
IT'S REPEATING THE SIGNAL, CAPTAIN.. THE SAME CODE.
IT EXPECTS AN ANSWER.
AN ANSWER..? I DON'T KNOW THE QUESTION!

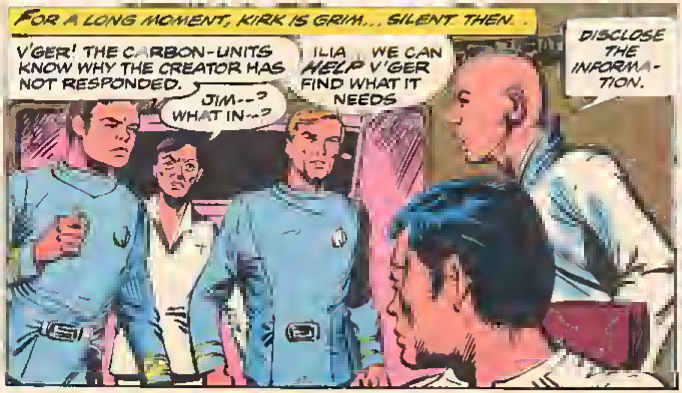

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?
THE CARBON-UNIT INFESTATION IS TO BE REMOVED FROM THE CREATOR'S PLANET.
WHY??
THE CREATOR HAS NOT RESPONDED.
WE'RE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT.


YOU INFEST ENTERPRISE. YOU INTERFERE WITH THE CREATOR IN THE SAME MANNER.
WE... THE CARBON-UNITS ARE NOT AN INFESTATION.. THEY ARE LIVING BEINGS...
THEY ARE NOT TRUE LIFE FORMS ONLY THE CREATOR AND OTHER SIMILAR LIFE FORMS ARE TRUE

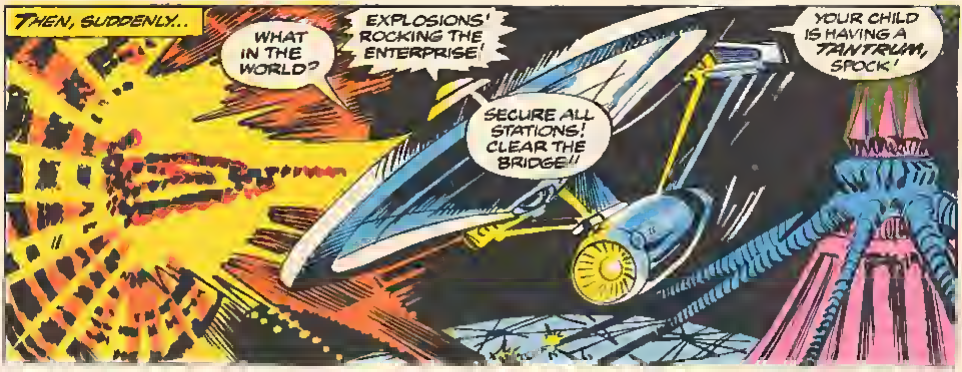

"SIMILAR LIFE FORMS?" JIM, V'GER IS SAYING THE CREATOR IS A MACHINE!
OF COURSE WE ALL CREATE GOD IN OUR OWN IMAGE.

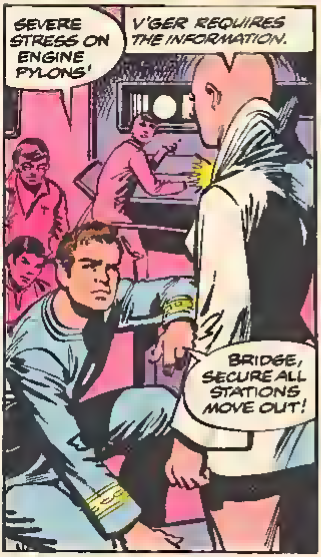

V'GER, IF WE ARE LESSER BEINGS, WE ARE STILL, LIKE YOU-- LIVING! AND BECAUSE WE ARE ALIVE, WE, LIKE YOU, WISH TO SURVIVE YOU MUST NOT DESTROY!!!
CAPTAIN!


TREAT V'GER AS YOU WOULD... A CHILD
A CHILD ?
EVOLVING... LEARNING... SEARCHING.. INSTINCTIVELY NEEDING.


FOR A LONG MOMENT, KIRK IS GRIM... SILENT THEN.
V'GER! THE CARBON-UNITS KNOW WHY THE CREATOR HAS NOT RESPONDED.
JIM--? WHAT IN--?
ILIA WE CAN HELP V'GER FIND WHAT IT NEEDS
DISCLOSE THE INFORMATION.

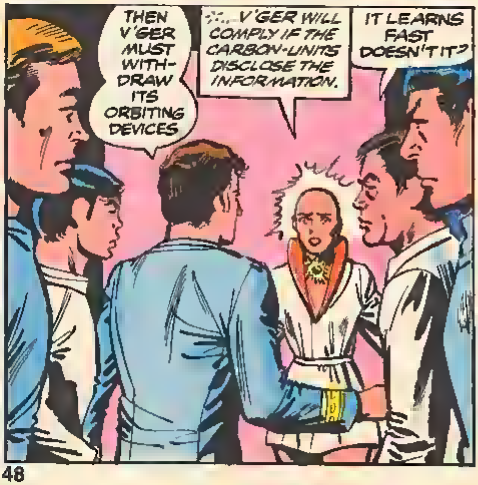

NOT UNTIL V'GER WITHDRAWS THE DEVICES ORBITING THE THIRD PLANET.


THEN, SUDDENLY..
WHAT IN THE WORLD?
EXPLOSIONS! ROCKING THE ENTERPRISE!
SECURE ALL STATIONS! CLEAR THE BRIDGE!!
YOUR CHILD IS HAVING A TANTRUM, SPOCK!


SEVERE STRESS ON ENGINE PYLONS!
V'GER REQUIRES THE INFORMATION.
BRIDGE, SECURE ALL STATIONS MOVE OUT!

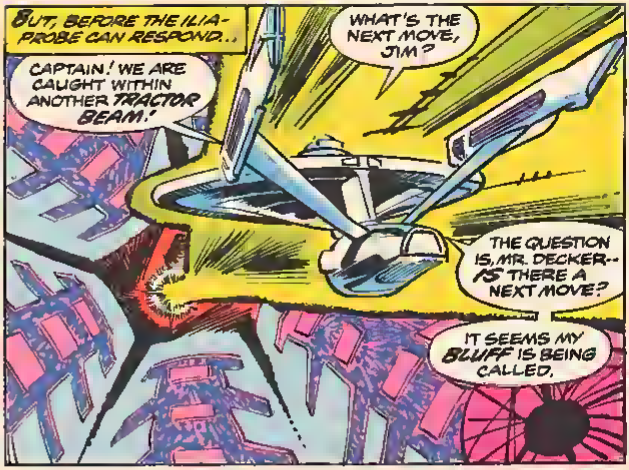

WITH COLD, SEARCHING EYES, KIRK GLARES AT THE DELTAN MANIFESTATION.
IF V'GER DESTROYS THE ENTERPRISE, THE INFORMATION V'GER REQUIRES WILL ALSO BE DESTROYED.
IT IS ILLOGICAL TO WITHHOLD REQUIRED INFORMATION.
KIRK-UN.T! WHY DO YOU NOT DISCLOSE INFORMATION?


BECAUSE V'GER IS GOING TO DESTROY ALL THE CARBON-UNITS ON THE THIRD PLANET.
V'GER NEEDS THE INFORMATION.

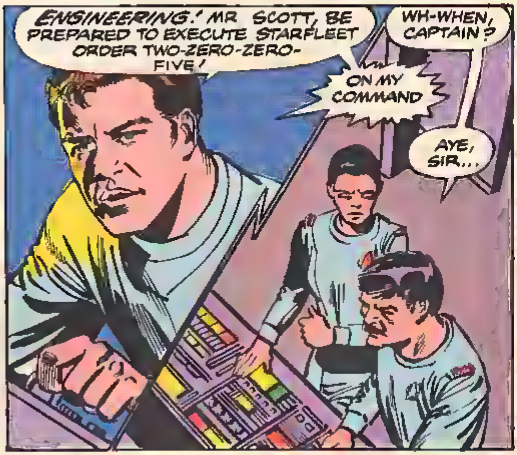

THEN V'GER MUST WITHDRAW ITS ORBITING DEVICES
... V'GER WILL COMPLY IF THE CARBON-UNITS DISCLOSE THE INFORMATION.
IT LEARNS FAST DOESN'T IT?

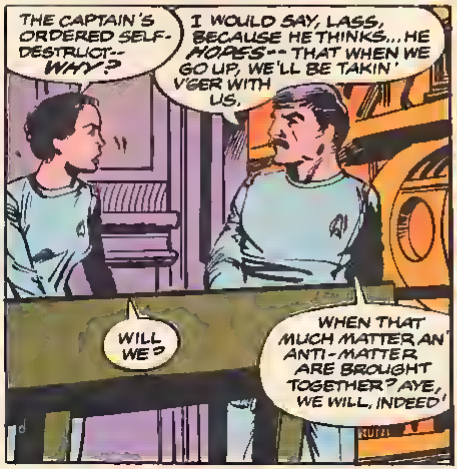

CAPTAIN, V'GER, OBVIOUSLY OPERATES FROM A CENTRAL BRAIN COMPLEX.
THE ORBITING DEVICES WOULD BE CONTROLLED FROM THAT POINT, THEN?
PRECISELY.


THE CARBON UNITS' INFORMATION CANNOT BE DISCLOSED TO V'GER'S PROBE . . ONLY TO V'GER--DIRECTLY!


BUT, BEFORE THE ILIA-PROBE CAN RESPOND...
CAPTAIN! WE ARE CAUGHT WITHIN ANOTHER TRACTOR BEAM!
WHAT'S THE NEXT MOVE, JIM?
THE QUESTION IS, MR. DECKER--IS THERE A NEXT MOVE?
IT SEEMS MY BLUFF IS BEING CALLED.

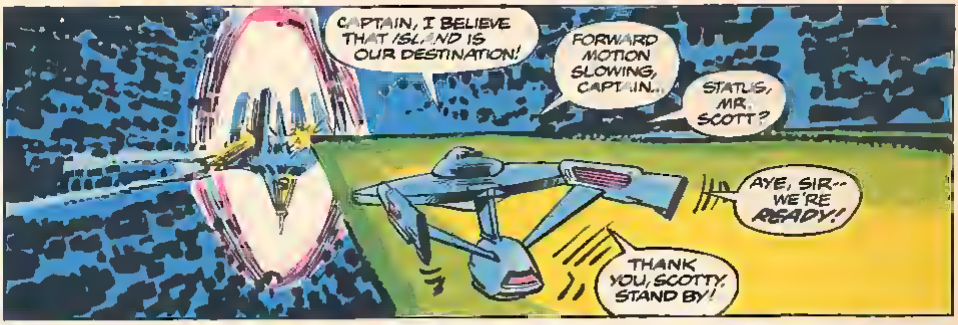

MR. CHEKOV, WHEN DO THOSE DEVICES ACTIVATE?
THEY REACH FINAL POSITION IN TWENTY-SEVEN MINUTES--MARK.

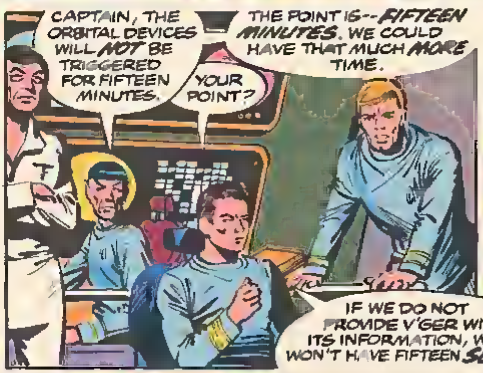

ENGINEERING! MR. SCOTT, BE PREPARED TO EXECUTE STARFLEET ORDER TWO-ZERO-ZERO-FIVE!
WH-WHEN, CAPTAIN?
ON MY COMMAND
AYE, SIR...

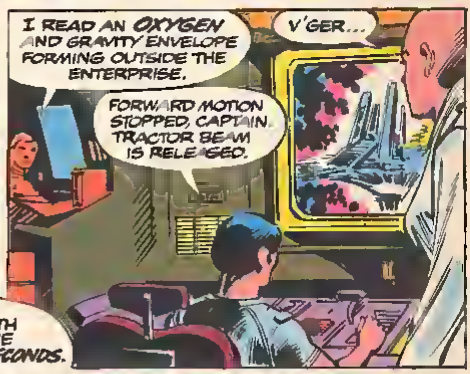

THE CAPTAIN'S ORDERED SELF-DESTRUCT--WHY?
I WOULD SAY, LASS, BECAUSE HE THINKS... HE HOPES--THAT WHEN WE GO UP, WE'LL BE TAKIN' V'GER WITH US.
WILL WE?
WHEN THAT MUCH MATTER AN' ANTI-MATTER ARE BROUGHT TOGETHER? AYE, WE WILL, INDEED!

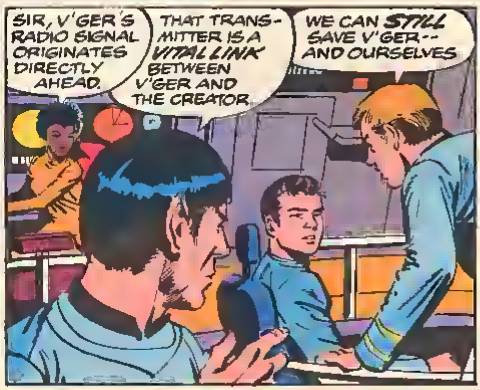

CAPTAIN, WE'RE MOVING THROUGH A POWER FIELD...
EIGHTEEN MINUTES TO ACTIVATION, SIR.
WE ARE SEVENTEEN KILOMETERS INSIDE THE VESSEL...

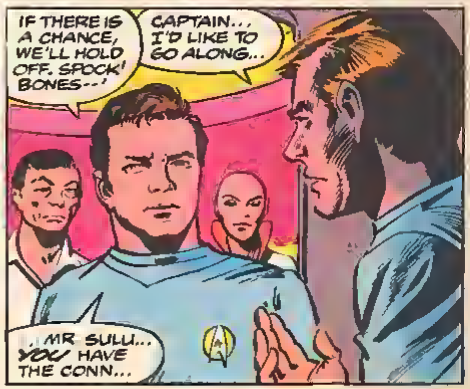

SPOCK... SPOCK, I--
THE LEAN VULCAN DOES NOT ANSWER BUT HE SLOWLY TURNS AND...
TEARS? NOT FOR US--?
NO, CAPTAIN, NOT FOR US... FOR V'GER.
I WEEP FOR V'GER AS I WOULD A BROTHER... FAR MORE KNOWLEDGABLE THAN I, AND YET ONE STEP BEHIND.
AS I WAS WHEN I CAME ABOARD, SO IS V'GER NOW; EMPTY, INCOMPLETE-- SEARCHING.
ARE YOU SAYING YOU FOUND WHAT YOU NEEDED, BUT V'GER HAS NOT?
LOGIC AND KNOWLEDGE ARE NOT ENOUGH.
HAS NOT, DOCTOR, AND NOW, BECAUSE OF WHAT WE'RE PLANNING--WILL NOT!
MR. SPOCK, WHAT WOULD V'GER NEED TO FULFILL ITSELF?
EACH OF US, AT SOME TIME IN OUR LIFE, TURNS TO SOMEONE A FATHER, A BROTHER, A GOD, AND ASKS--"WHY AM I HERE?" "WHAT WAS I MEANT TO BE?"
V'GER HOPES TO TOUCH ITS CREATOR AND FIND ITS ANSWERS.
'IS THIS ALL THAT I AM? IS THERE NOTHING MORE?'

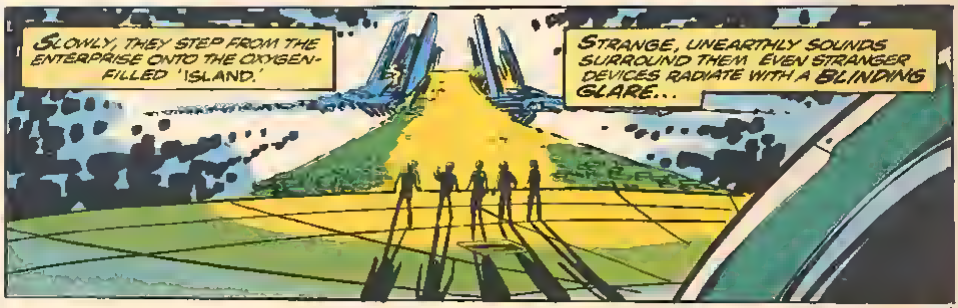

CAPTAIN, I BELIEVE THAT ISLAND IS OUR DESTINATION!
FORWARD MOTION SLOWING, CAPTAIN...
STATUS, MR. SCOTT?
AYE, SIR-- WE'RE READY!
THANK YOU, SCOTTY. STAND BY!


CAPTAIN, THE ORBITAL DEVICES WILL NOT BE TRIGGERED FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES.
YOUR POINT?
THE POINT IS--FIFTEEN MINUTES. WE COULD HAVE THAT MUCH MORE TIME.
IF WE DO NOT PROVIDE V'GER WITH ITS INFORMATION, WE WON'T HAVE FIFTEEN SECONDS.


I READ AN OXYGEN AND GRAVITY ENVELOPE FORMING OUTSIDE THE ENTERPRISE.
V'GER...
FORWARD MOTION STOPPED, CAPTAIN. TRACTOR BEAM IS RELEASED.

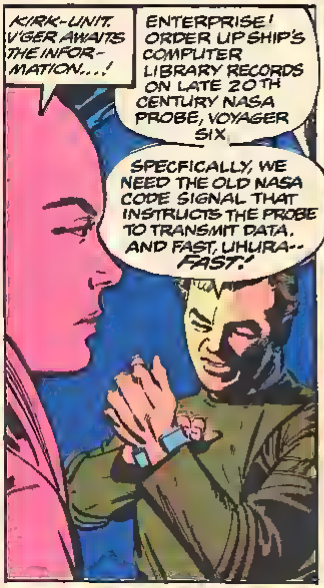

SIR, V'GER'S RADIO SIGNAL ORIGINATES DIRECTLY AHEAD.
THAT TRANSMITTER IS A VITAL LINK BETWEEN V'GER AND THE CREATOR.
WE CAN STILL SAVE V'GER-- AND OURSELVES


IF THERE IS A CHANCE, WE'LL HOLD OFF. SPOCK! BONES--!
CAPTAIN... I'D LIKE TO GO ALONG...
MR. SULU... YOU HAVE THE CONN...


SLOWLY, THEY STEP FROM THE ENTERPRISE ONTO THE OXYGEN-FILLED 'ISLAND.'
STRANGE, UNEARTHLY SOUNDS SURROUND THEM. EVEN STRANGER DEVICES RADIATE WITH A BLINDING GLARE...


BEFORE THEM IS A BRILLIANT SHAFT OF SHIMMERING LIGHT THAT BATHES THE YAWNING CHASM BEYOND IN COLORS AND SHADOWS NEVER BEFORE SEEN BY MAN.
STILL THEY MOVE ON, UNTIL THEY STAND ABOVE THE VAST ARENA OF THE "BRAIN HEMISPHERE."
AND PERCHED WITHIN AS IF ENSHRINED...
V'GER!
WELL... AT LEAST NOW WE KNOW WHY V'GER THINKS THE CREATOR IS ON EARTH.
V-G-E-R. V'GER... V-O-Y-A-G-E-R... VOYAGER SIX!
JIM, THIS WAS LAUNCHED MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.
VOYAGER 6
THE VOYAGER SERIES... DESIGNED TO COLLECT DATA AND TRANSMIT IT BACK TO EARTH.
THIS ONE-- VOYAGER SIX IS THE ONE THAT DISAPPEARED INTO WHAT WAS THEN CALLED A BLACK HOLE!
IT MUST HAVE EMERGED ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE GALAXY, FELL INTO THE MACHINE PLANET'S GRAVITATIONAL FIELD!


THE MACHINES THERE EXAMINED IT. DISCOVERED ITS SIMPLE 20TH CENTURY PROGRAMMING--'COLLECT ALL DATA POSSIBLE...'
'LEARN ALL THAT IS LEARNABLE. RETURN THAT INFORMATION TO ITS CREATOR.
EXACTLY. THE MACHINES INTERPRETED IT LITERALLY. THEY REMADE VOYAGER SIX SO THAT IT COULD ACTUALLY FULFILL THAT PROGRAMMING.
AND ON ITS JOURNEY BACK, IT AMASSED SO MUCH KNOWLEDGE... IT ACHIEVED CONSCIOUSNESS ITSELF--IT BECAME A LIVING THING!

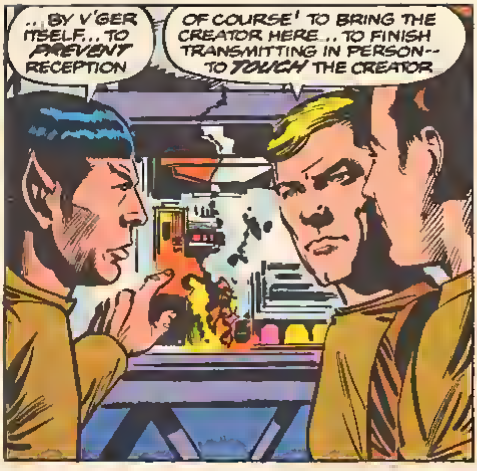

KIRK-UNIT. V'GER AWAITS THE INFORMATION...!
ENTERPRISE! ORDER UP SHIP'S COMPUTER LIBRARY RECORDS ON LATE 20TH CENTURY NASA PROBE, VOYAGER SIX.
SPECIFICALLY, WE NEED THE OLD NASA CODE SIGNAL THAT INSTRUCTS THE PROBE TO TRANSMIT DATA, AND FAST, UHURA--FAST!


V'GER...WE ARE THE CREATOR.
THAT IS NOT LOGICAL; CARBON UNITS ARE NOT TRUE LIFE FORMS.


WE WILL PROVE IT... BY MAKING IT POSSIBLE FOR V'GER TO COMPLETE ITS PROGRAMMING. ONLY THE CREATOR COULD ACCOMPLISH THAT. ENTERPRISE...
WE HAVE JUST RECIEVED THE RESPONSE CODE, CAPTAIN.
TRANSMIT NOW!

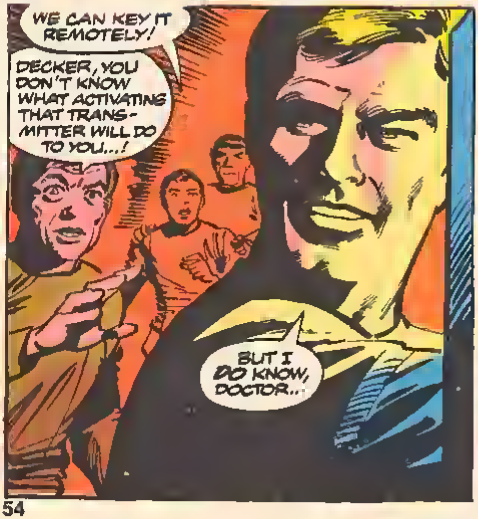

504-329-317-510.. AND THE FINAL SEQUENCE...
THAT SHOULD TRIGGER VOYAGER SIX'S TRANSMITTER.
VOYAGER SIX IS NOT TRANSMITTING, CAPTAIN..
KRAKKK!


...BECAUSE IT DID NOT RECEIVE THE FINAL SEQUENCE THE ANTENNAE LEADS ARE MELTED AWAY...


...BY V'GER ITSELF... TO PREVENT RECEPTION
OF COURSE! TO BRING THE CREATOR HERE... TO FINISH TRANSMITTING IN PERSON-- TO TOUCH THE CREATOR


CAPTURE GOD? V'GER'S LIABLE TO BE IN FOR ONE HELL OF A DISAPPOINTMENT.
PERHAPS NOT, DOCTOR. V'GER, BY UNDERSTANDING THE TRUE LIMITS OF OUR UNIVERSE, HAS NOT ONLY BECOME AWARE OF OTHER, HIGHER LEVELS OF EXISTENCE...


...IT IS NOW READY TO EVOLVE INTO THEM.
.. AND BELIEVES IT CAN DO THIS ONLY BY JOINING WITH ITS CREATOR.
I'LL KEY IN THE CODE DIRECTLY!
DECKER-- NO!
DO NOT INTERFERE!


WE CAN KEY IT REMOTELY!
DECKER, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT ACTIVATING THAT TRANS-MITTER WILL DO TO YOU...!
BUT I DO KNOW, DOCTOR...


CAPTAIN, TRY TO UNDERSTAND: YOU HAVE THE ENTERPRISE: IT'S RIGHT FOR YOU.


THIS IS RIGHT FOR ME!!
AND GOD SAID: LET THERE BE LIGHT...
AND THERE WAS LIGHT...
AND THE LIGHT WAS GOOD.

ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE...

MR. SPOCK, DID WE JUST SEE THE BEGINNING OF A NEW LIFE FORM?

YES, CAPTAIN - WE WITNESSED THE BIRTH-- POSSIBLY THE NEXT STEP IN OUR EVOLUTION.

I WONDER...?

WELL, IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I DELIVERED A BABY. I HOPE WE GAVE IT A GOOD START!

I THINK WE GAVE IT THE ABILITY TO CREATE ITS OWN SENSE OF PURPOSE... OUT OF OUR OWN HUMAN WEAKNESSES...AND THE DRIVE THAT COMPELLS US TO OVERCOME THEM.

...AND A LOT OF FOOLISH HUMAN EMOTIONS, RIGHT, SPOCK?

INTERROGATIVE FROM STARFLEET REQUEST DAMAGE AND INJURY REPORT AND COMPLETE VESSEL STATUS

REPORT THREE CASUALTIES... NO, NOT CASUALTIES.

LIST THEM AS MISSING. VESSEL STATUS, FULLY OPERATIONAL.

MR. SCOTT, SHALL WE GIVE THE ENTERPRISE A PROPER SHAKE-DOWN?

I WOULD SAY IT'S TIME FOR THAT. AYE, SIR...

...AN' WE CAN HA'E YOU BACK ON VULCAN IN FOUR DAYS, MR. SPOCK.

UNNECESSARY, MR. SCOTT. MY TASK ON VULCAN IS COMPLETED.

IN THAT CASE, AHEAD WARP ONE, MR. SULU.

HEADING, SIR?

WARP ONE, SIR.

OUT THERE, THATAWAY.

A MOST LOGICAL CHOICE, CAPTAIN.

The End

STAR TREK
—THE PHENOMENON

by Tom Rogers

It all began on September 8, 1966, at 8:30 pm. On that fateful day, NBC-TV aired the first episode of a new series: "The Man Trap," from a little science-fiction gem entitled **Star Trek**. Never before has humanity seen such a program on the tube, and this was immediately obvious to most. The episode, produced by creator Gene Roddenberry and written by Georg Clayton Johnson, was about some space sailors who went around in a marvelously-designed starship called the **U.S.S. Enterprise**. Earlier that year, **TV Guide** had described the concept as a "**Wagon Train** of the stars," or some such nonsense. **Wagon Train** had been a fairly well done weekly western, and there was nothing really uncommon about it. **Star Trek**, on the other hand, was very definitely **unique.**

Prior to 1966, only one other sf effort on television had contained any adult appeal because of its quality and frequent intellectualism. Joe Stefano's **The Outer Limits** (ABC-TV). That was an anthology series without any continuing characters. **Star Trek** was something far more difficult to create: a regular weekly production **with** continuing characters. The concept was mind-boggling, since it had never been done **right** before.

"Man Trap" was, without a doubt, an offering that was in the style of **The Outer Limits.** It dealt with a murderous salt-eating creature from another world that possessed intelligence, telepathy, and a shape-changing ability. There were excellent directional techniques, fine production values, rampant sexual allusions, **death** and destruction, **and** the intriguing new characters. Of course, there were also the somewhat silly phasers, which, at one point, intoxicated a man into a slow-motion speech by affecting his nervous system. Nonetheless, this was certainly worth watching, and it quickly set the trend for a lot of TV science-fiction that was to follow.

One week later, the program deteriorated a bit into something that had a much tamer theme. "Charlie X," about a human teenager who was raised by telekinetic aliens. He was emotionally immature, nearly omnipotent by our standards, and really nasty. In spite of itself, this tale of a youth's sexual awakening was filled with pathos and tragedy, and it brought tears to the eyes of many viewers. **Star Trek** was by no means common TV junk! There was hope for this generation of viewers, the days of **Lost in Space** and its ilk were, hopefully, **finally** over.

The succeeding episode, "Where No Man Has Gone Before" (the theme of the show) was back on the beam. Herein, Kirk and the rest of the **Enterprise** crew were challenged by an Earthling with godlike powers. Spock, the halfbreed Vulcan, urged, "Kill him," as their foe's ability grew, but his good human captain would not hear of it—until it was too late. On the other hand, the very idea of a good guy slaying someone in cold blood had practically never been seen on the tube, but we all knew that the pointy-eared cutey was dead right when he made the suggestion. We were back to serious activities of death and destruction, and we were loving every minute of it. (Actually, this was supposed to be the very first **Star Trek** adventure, but NBC had shown them out of sequence. Already, the network executives were causing a problem with a series that they would later consider to be inconsequential.)

This was how it was, pretty much, for the next two years—except that the regular characters become considerably more complicated. Moreover, the crew was an integrated one, with Blacks, Orientals, Russians and even one who somewhat resembled the Devil. (Incidentally, NBC wanted to drop Mr. Spock after the first year, because they felt that his alarming visage was offensive to the Bible Belt, but Roddenberry would not comply.) Uniquely, there was a great deal of death, sex and scantily clad women on the program, and most of the scripts were far above average. The viewers, naturally loved it, and a cult following immediately began.

When NBC announced that **Star Trek** was going to be cancelled after its second season, the fans let themselves really be heard for the first time. A massive letter-writing campaign ensued, led by people like Bjo Trimble (**Star Trek Concordance**) and the network was soon deluged by approximately **one million letters** asking, demanding, pleading, threatening that **Star Trek** be renewed. There were rallies and protest marches in New York and California, and all manner of other evidence that there were a lot of product-buying viewers who liked the program enough to fight for its return. Consequently, NBC renewed **Star Trek** by announcing it **on the air** (a precedent!) after an episode that was rerun one evening. They desperately wanted people to stop writing in, because it had become much too costly for them to keep up with the incredible volume of mail. The movement had succeeded, but the network managed to sabotage the show, nonetheless. They scheduled it for Fridays at 10:00 pm, after **Laugh-In**, and it died after the third season. Or—did it?

Almost immediately, all 79 episodes were packaged by Paramount TV and syndicated. Most wise station programmers decided to run the episodes at least five times a week, and the show became more popular than ever! **Star Trek** was distributed across the world, and it is even now still experiencing fantastic popularity, for example, it's

available in 114 American cities. Not many series have ever had such a response from the public (I **Love Lucy** is one of them), and few will in the future.

Speaking of the future, that is what **Star Trek** is all about. It gives us something to look forward to, a time in the 23rd century, when humanity has become one. There is almost no prejudice, and most vices have been suppressed in favor of altruism and dedication to a cause. The latter is the growth, development and protection of the United Federation of Planets and intergalactic brotherhood that encompasses all friendly races. Nearly everyone lives in harmony and peace and Starfleet spaceships patrol the universe in a neverending quest for peace, love and friendship. The Federation is determined to help sentient beings everywhere, yet they are constantly threatened by unfriendly lifeforms. In the long run though the wisdom of its officers and enlisted personnel often win out and hope for a much better tomorrow is renewed.

These are human dramas often filled with sensitive portrayals dealing with realistic characterizations and extremely likeable people. They are often scientifically plausible, in a fanciful sense, and they strive to keep young people interested in worthy endeavors like our country's space program. A view of futuristic societies—many of which, including Earth, are veritable utopias—is presented. The human potential is dealt with in a highly optimistic manner, and the futuristic people are, in essence, what we would like to be. Technology is highly advanced and there are starships that can span entire solar systems in very short periods of time. The thrill of such accomplishments, as well as the marvelous sense of wonder, give one a wonderful thrill when the viewer considers that this might really happen someday. Many alien races work hand in hand with humanity to reach out and boldly go where no person has ever gone before.

The obvious philosophical messages are equally intriguing. There are tales dealing with gods (a relative term, naturally), monsters, sex, emotions, ambition, optimism, misguided civilizations, prejudice and so on, and they were often very well executed. There are also occasional misinterpretations on the part of the regular cast. The characters try to keep an open mind, realizing that others have different beliefs and ways of life. However, the viewer is shown—often in subtle ways—that a negative approach is often very dangerous, embarrassing, and/or tragic. Our universe is vast, and there is undoubtedly a lot in it that we are totally unfamiliar with.

On more obvious levels, the 79 episodes are a great deal of fun. For the most part, they had good characterizations, mystery, intrigue, humor, suspense, pathos, moral lessons, and so on. The direction was generally superior, special effects were certainly above average, and most aliens were convincing (often, humanoid civilizations were dealt with, exposing us to a variety of similar societies and mores). The stories themselves were generally well written and competently acted, and the sets and costuming were very impressive and colorful. This was a quality production—and an expensive one for the period, too.

Noted scientist and writer Isaac Asimov is reported to have stated that **Star Trek** was the purest representation of true science-fiction on television. Many others agree with him (myself included), despite the fact that is has been in reruns for ten years now. It remains one of the best series of all time—if not **the** best.

Unfortunately, things changed a bit when 1973 rolled around. On September 15 of that year, the animated program made its debut, and it was a disappointment. While it wasn't bad for a Saturday morning TV show, it presented **Star Trek** stories that were simply awful when compared to the live-action episodes. Not only were they kiddie-oriented (which, of course, is to be expected considering the medium and timeslot), but a number of them deviated so much from the original continuity that they made glaring mistakes and even altered the series history. The initial adventures had been filmed in a logical sequence, often reflecting events that had occurred in earlier episodes. Everything had a purpose, and a believable mythos was established, based on the characters and their experiences. The animated offerings presented a number of sequels to the originals that made little sense at all, bringing back old characters and changing them. A mature series had become a juvenile one, and this was a travesty. All of the elements that had made **Star Trek** great were toned down in this highly annoying version, and a lot of fans consider these tales to be part of an alternate universe. Others ignore the animated episodes, pretending that they never existed in the first place. The cartoons served little purpose in making the show a continued phenomenon, except perhaps among young children who had never seen the other 79 adventures. For all intents and purposes, we too will forget about the cartoons for the remainder of this article.

Don't get me wrong—not all **Star Trek** episodes were excellent. While some received various deserved awards, others were so bad that they should never have been made. A prime example is "Spock's Brain," which was the **first one** aired during the third season! Another was "The Way to Eden," about space hippies. You can't always

have a winner, but the original **Star Trek** has much more than its share of greatness

Some of the more controversial episodes dealt with religion, politics, war and other series taboos. Consequently, certain episodes were never shown in various areas of the United States because station managers felt that their viewers would be offended. More often, though, entire scenes were cut out to make the adventures more subdued, less violent, and far less intellectual. Even today, this practice is still in effect in a variety of locales

Many people who are not enthused by **Star Trek** think of its fans as being very strange people–malcontents, freaks, brain damaged outcasts of society who have nothing better to do with their lives than to idolize a "dumb science-fiction show." While a few "Trekkies" as we are called, might fit into that category, the vast majority of us do not. For the most part, the program's fans consist of some highly intelligent and sophisticated individuals. There are famous writers, scientists, businesspeople, and even government officials who proudly proclaim that they like the show. The average Trekkie is of above-average intelligence, and has a sense of wonder that sets him apart from those unfortunate enough to lack an appreciation for **Star Trek** and/or science-fiction in general. Not all sf enthusiasts are Trekkies, and not all Trek fans are sf buffs, but the two often go together. However, **Star Trek** is not "merely" sci-fi-oriented. There are episodes that have themes encompassing military justice, the Old West, World War II submarine-type warfare, Ancient Greece, and so on. There is something for everyone when you really get down to it

As the ever-popular saying goes: "**Star Trek** lives!" It definitely does, and one needs only to look around to see it. We now–**finally**–have the monumental motion picture, and as a result, a lot of tie-in merchandise is being released to the general public. However, for the past 13 years, it has been obvious that the program never died, despite all of NBC's efforts. There are close to 400 known fan clubs devoted to this program, and successful conventions have been held all over the world–and still are. There have even been a large number of Masters and Doctoral theses based on, or dealing partly with **Star Trek**. The phenomenon also lives

The first convention of this sort was given in New York City in January of 1972. About 600 people were expected to attend but nearly 4,000 showed up! This was largely because Gene and Majel (Barrett) Roddenberry, D.C. Fontana, and Isaac Asimov were the guests. Since then, most–if not all–**Star Trek** cons have been extremely successful. They almost always feature guests who were connected with the program

The fan clubs are occasionally staggering in their scope and membership, and the "Star Trek Welcomittee" is the largest and most influential of these. It is a non-profit group of dedicated Trekkies who strive to help other organizations and individuals. They publish the **Directory of Star Trek Organizations**, a monthly newsletter and other very useful brochures. Some of the fan clubs have members in all states of the Union, and there are many similar organizations located throughout the country. Likewise, there are some overseas, including England, France, Japan, West Germany, and so on. A few of them are devoted primarily to one or more actors from the show–and not just the regulars, either. There are a number of them honoring Mark Leonard, Mariette Hartley, and so on. For extensive information on this subject, as well as others, check out Grosset and Dunlap's tradesize paperback **A Star Trek Catalog**, by Gerry Turnbull and Neil Appelbaum. It contains a wealth of data, including addresses

As of this writing, there are close to 50 different companies putting out authorized **Star Trek** merchandise, including some of America's top toy manufacturers and book publishers. In all, there are about 60 books available, including short story adaptations of the original episodes, photonovels with color scenes from separate missions, new adventures based on the program, and studies of the production and its effect on society

There is no doubt that **Star Trek** has made a tremendous impact on our society, even the experimental space shuttle was named "Enterprise". In honor of the much-beloved series. Why, then, did it take so long for the movie to be released? There were a number of reasons, primarily those concerning money and the availability of the original stars. Just be happy, as I am, that **Star Trek–The Motion Picture** is finally upon us, with its fine script and incredible special effects, and hope that the next media adventure in the series will emerge in the not-too-distant future

According to the show and its new film, there is hope for humanity. We will find our place in the stars, and even influence many societies. Long ago H.G. Wells wrote about a variety of utopias, but they are still non-existant. Someday, hopefully, the days of the Federation will come to pass, and our descendants will benefit from a society that now exists only in our fantasies

Star Trek must live forever, because it represents our eventual salvation

Live long and prosper

Touching Base with Reality

an interview with Jesco von Puttkamer

Mr. von Puttkamer was a science advisor to **Star Trek – The Motion Picture** and the Program Manager and Senior Staff Scientist of Future Programming at NASA.

Q: With the interest in science fiction, has there been an increase in the public interest in what NASA is doing? Also, has the federal government changed its attitude towards your funding?

A: There has been an outburst of manifest interest by individual segments of the public, however, the public is not organized and there is no 'grass-roots' organization or movement which would concentrate this interest and make it work more effectively. We have had an increase in letters from science-fiction fans and the more general public wanting to know what this strange-looking vehicle—the shuttle—is all about and what it means for the future. A very minor percentage of the public is interested in space. I would say the public at large is what I call apathetic about it. People at large are positive towards space and have what I call a 'warm feeling' about it. However they do not tell any one about it and so the people's congressional representatives do not realize that there may be undercurrents, a 'grass-root' interest in space. Consequently they do not feel the space program has any priority. So every time the budget gets cut back because the nation has to economize to balance the budget, the space program is the first to be cut. This is because it is the easiest to touch. Approximately 70-75% of the budget is untouchable by law, you cannot reduce the funding for certain programs, social service care, veterans' programs, etc., are frozen and untouchable by the budget cutters. As a result, there is only a small portion of the national budget that can be massaged or reduced and the space program seems to be the easiest victim every time.

The way it looks, we wind up with a constant annual budget of around 4.3 or 4.5 billion dollars every year, which is about equal to the amount spent by HEW every seven days. So in reality our budget is just a tiny fragment, less than a cent per tax dollar.

Q: Is it true that approximately $40 million was spent on the making of the **Star Trek** movie, making it one of the most expensive, if not **the** most expensive, films every made?

A: I have heard lots of rumors but I cannot really make any statements on how much it cost. In fact, Mandel Eisner, the president of Paramount in Hollywood, when he had the press conference in 1978, made the statement that this would be the most expensive film Paramount ever made. He stated that all the episodes of Star Trek combined would cost less than what the movie would cost.

Q: What are some of the new developments of the shuttle program?

A: We are looking forward to the first flight which was originally scheduled for Nov., 1979. Due to unforseen mechanical problems, we rescheduled the launch to between March and June of 1980. This gives us more time to work out the problems and make the launch a good and safe flight.

The crew has already been chosen. It will be piloted by John Young, who has been in space four times. The shuttle will be co-piloted by Bob Crippen, who is a rookie astronaut.

Q: Why isn't the ENTERPRISE being used?

A: The ENTERPRISE was always to be a test vehicle for ground tests only. You need a ground facility or check-out vehicle of that sort before you can safely commit to a manned flight in space. The other four orbiters are under various stages of development and are named, the COLUMBIA, which will be the first in space, the DISCOVERY, the CHALLENGER, and the ATLANTIS.

Q: Can you tell me more about the new astronaut recruiting program?

A: Two or three years ago, we selected 20 mission specialists, and 15 pilots. Mission specialists must have a scientific background in one of the following fields: chemistry, biology, physics or mathematics. Usually a Bachelor of Science and either three years of related experience or a PhD are needed to qualify.

The pilots are more flight oriented. Pilots logically come from the Air Force or other Armed Services because the basic requirement is at least 1000 hours of piloting command flight experience in the high-performance jets such as the T-38 or the F-15. However, if a civilian had this type experience, there would be no reason he could not apply. Generally to become a candidate for the shuttle program, you must be in reasonably good health, have the above educational requirements, and be between 60-74 inches in height. Applications for candidacy this year are being accepted between Oct. 1 and Dec. 1. Hopefully, applications can be accepted every year at this time.

In closing, if any of you have any questions about the astronaut program or want information on what is going on with the space program in general, please contact the following address:

Astronaut Candidate Program
Code AHX
NASA-Johnson Space Center
Houston, TX 77058

or

NASA Headquarters
Information Code MTC
Washington, D.C. 20546

If you want the space program to continue and to get more funding so that we can make progress with the future, write letters to your congressional representatives and let them know how you feel and how you want them to vote on the space program's budget. It is up to you as voters to decide if you want a space program or not.

—Marian Stensgard

STAR TREK
—THE MOTION PICTURE GLOSSARY

by Tom Rogers

The following entries are, understandably, related to the **Star Trek** universe. However, they are particularly indicative of the new movie and its own unique concepts. You won't find listings for things like "Tribbles," "Nomad," "Babel," or "Vaal" because they aren't in the motion picture. Nor will you find references specifically devoted to items like "Ship's Computer," "Bridge" (of the **U.S.S. Enterprise**) or "Vulcan" (the planet) due to the fact that they are too general—and besides, you already know all about that stuff. Again, these alphabetically arranged people and terms are those which are particularly relevant to the film.

A word of warning: we seriously suggest that you don't read this glossary before you have had an opportunity to ingest the preceding adaptation, or else certain things will be ruined for you. I give away plot devices and so on, and you wouldn't want to know about them in advance. Save this for last, then enjoy it.

AIR TRAM: An antigravity train that flies only a few feet off the ground, and carries passengers to areas within the San Francisco of the 23rd century. This is the first vehicle that Admiral Kirk uses in the film.

AMAR, IMPERIAL CRUISER: The command vehicle of the three Klingon starships that encounter V'Ger when it enters their sector of space (Quad L-14). It is the last one to be destroyed by a whiplash energy bolt, immediately after it dispatches a warning message to Starfleet Monitor Station Epsilon 9.

ANDORIANS: Blue-skinned humanoids who have white hair and a pair of knobbed antennae protruding from their foreheads. Although they are generally small and slim, they are a fierce warrior race that belongs to the Federation.

ANTIMATTER: An extradimensional substance that, under normal conditions, destroys matter from our universe on contact. Starfleet scientists have succeeded in utilizing quantities of it to effect warp drive in selected vehicles. Regarding the **U.S.S. Enterprise,** it is located in the twin power nacelles that contain the warp engines. Early in the movie, an imbalance in the technique causes a Wormhole Distortion that threatens to destroy the **Enterprise.**

BLACK HOLE: A star that has collapsed in upon itself, causing an enormous area in space that sucks in everything which comes into its range. To date, one can only speculate what effect such a phenomenon has on matter, but herein a 20th century "Voyager" space probe is caught and hurled to another galaxy, where living metal creatures exist.

BRANCH, COMMANDER: The officer in charge of Starfleet Monitor Station Epsilon 9.

CREATOR: Term used by V'Ger to indicate its god—the being (in this case, beings) who created it. Long dead for three centuries, its NASA builders never imagined that it would one day merge with a living spaceship and return to Earth to menace humanity.

DALAPHALINE: A potent drug that Dr. McCoy injects into Mr. Spock's bloodstream to strengthen the Vulcan. This occurs shortly after the alien attempts to mind-meld with V'Ger, and consequently goes into a coma.

DECKER, WILLARD: Captain of the **U.S.S. Enterprise** before Admiral Kirk assumes command. Afterward, he is temporarily reduced to the rank of Commander, and assumes the duties of both Executive and Science Officers until Spock relieves him of the latter responsibilities. He is resentful toward Kirk, and in love with Ilia. Ultimately, his sacrifice saves Earth and the starship.

DIFALCO, CHIEF: An officer on board the **U.S.S. Enterprise,** who fills in as navigator after Ilia disappears, when the ship is caught within V'Ger's tractor beam.

FORCEFIELD: An invisible, nearly indestructible barrier that surrounds Federation, Klingon and Romulan starships. The intensity varies, depending on necessity. It is automatically activated by any material object that is on a collision course with a ship, which is detected by the sensors. Originally referred to as "Deflector Shields."

ILIA: A female Deltan, assigned as navigator of the **U.S.S. Enterprise.** She is a Lieutenant, Junior Grade, and "sworn

to celibacy." Hairless, except for her eyebrows and eyelashes, she is cold, calculated, and able to physically cause pain in others to subside. Despite the fact that she considers Earthings to be "sexually inferior," she had a relationship with Captain Decker years ago and still loves him. She is killed by V'Ger shortly after it kidnaps her.

ILIA II: The android duplicate of Ilia, which is teleported to the **U.S.S. Enterprise** after the Deltan dies. It is a nearly living probe designed by V'Ger, which duplicates the woman perfectly–externally as well as internally. Only the multicolored jewel embedded in the throat, in addition to the super strength, distinguishes it from the original. Since it possesses the complete memory patterns of Ilia, it eventually enables the crew to save themselves–after which it is seemingly destroyed when Decker sacrifices himself.

KOLINAHR: The most revered condition among Vulcans. It divests one of all emotion and dedicates the individual to total logic. Those who have achieved this state became the supreme leaders of the race. Mr. Spock nearly succeeds but fails because of V'Ger.

LANG, CHIEF: The officer in charge of the rescue teams when the **U.S.S. Enterprise** is trapped in V'Ger.

LANG, ENSIGN: A security man on board the **U.S.S. Enterprise**, who is with Kirk and other officers when they discover Ilia II.

LINGUACODE FRIENDSHIP MESSAGES: A 23rd century computer language that the Federation uses to contact new intelligent races. They are made up of a true universal language, which most civilizations are able to understand. When they are beamed at V'Ger, though, the creature ignores them because they are initially transmitted too slowly for it to notice. Spock saves the day when he speeds them up.

LUNAR MONITOR RELAY: A Starfleet station, located on Earth's Moon, which boosts subspace radio messages.

MEMORY CRYSTALS: A series of large, gemlike storage containers that serve as V'Ger's memory banks. In essence, they are like miniature television sets that contain the essence and exact patterns of all that the living spaceship has experienced. They are created by the colorful sensor swarms that fly throughout the metallic being, and it is theorized that V'Ger's "dead" victims might actually be held captive within them.

NOGURA: A Starfleet Admiral of great renown, who is stationed in 23rd century San Francisco.

PHILLIPS: A Security Officer who is slain by V'Ger's amorphous probe.

PROBE, V'GER'S: A bloblike probe, composed of raw energy, that is created by V'Ger and teleported to the **U.S.S. Enterprise**. The 7-foot-tall monstrosity absorbs energy and information through deadly tendrils of light, can fire a limited whiplash energy bolt, and is able to override computer safeguards. After killing a security man, it engulfs Ilia in a blinding flash and whisks her off to the creature's control center.

QUAD L-14: An area of deep space, located in Klingon territory, where V'Ger is first sighted. It is here that the unknown intruder destroys a trio of non-Federation starships.

ROSS, CHIEF: A female member of the **U.S.S. Enterprise**.

SENSOR SWARMS: Tiny multicolored sensor mechanisms that fly throughout V'Ger's interior, gathering information and storing it in Memory Crystals for future retrieval. A large one is embedded in the throat area of Ilia's android double.

SONAK: A Vulcan Lieutenant Commander, assigned as Science Officer of the **U.S.S. Enterprise**. Due to a transporter malfunction, he dies in a gruesome manner while attempting to reach the ship from Earth. Beaming up at the same time was a human female, whom he apparently merged with–literally–just before their demise.

STARDATE: A five-digit reference point in time that is used to begin entries in a starship's log. The first four numbers represent the date, while the remaining one stands for the hour. It also indicates the craft's location and speed.

STARFLEET: The branch of the Federation that governs the Space Navy, and which often makes decisions regarding the welfare of both members and non-members. It is dedicated to keeping peace in the universe, aiding oppressed and/or primitive societies and making a better place for everyone who is willing to obey their rules.

STARFLEET COMMAND HEADQUARTERS: Located in 23rd century San Francisco, where the Golden Gate Bridge and Transamerica Pyramid Building are still preserved, this is where important Federation decisions are made.

STARFLEET MONITOR STATION EPSILON 9: A distant Federation outpost established to keep a close eye on its sector of space. The personnel here warn Earth of V'Ger's approach, but the entire planetoid is eventually destroyed by the then-unknown adversary.

STARFLEET ORDER #2005: A coded mandatory instruction to cause a Federation starship to self-destruct. Captain Kirk gives this command when it seems as though V'Ger will actually wipe out all life on Earth, but it is rescinded in time.

THRUSTER SUIT: A spacesuit containing a built-in rocket pack for maneuverability and extended range. It also contains a flashing strobelight, which is visible for miles, and this is what Captain Kirk uses to keep track of Mr. Spock when the latter leaves the confines of the ship to locate V'Ger's nerve center. Also known as an "Environmental Suit."

TRANSPORTER: A teleportation device that can be used to beam someone or something over great distances by breaking down the atomic structure in one place and reassembling it elsewhere. Unfortunately, accidents often happen, and two crewmembers of the **U.S.S. Enterprise** are killed by a malfunction early in the film.

TRAVEL POD: A shortrange vehicle that is usually used to go from a planet to an orbiting ship, and vice versa. In the tale, Commander Scott flies one carrying Admiral Kirk to the **U.S.S. Enterprise**, which is in drydock undergoing extensive modifications.

23RD CENTURY: The period during which our story takes place. It is a wonderful time to live in, with prosperity and equality for all members of the Federation, but there is also the constant threat of extraterrestrial danger. V'Ger is just one example of such a problem.

UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS: A highly advanced group of civilized world in our galaxy that apparently stand for "Good, Justice and the American Way." Their enforcement unit is known as "Starfleet." Also known as "the Federation."

VEGANS: High-domed aliens, members of the Federation.

V'GER: An awesome living spaceship from beyond our galaxy, which somehow merges with long-lost Voyager 6 and makes its way to Earth in search of God. Surrounded by a luminescent cloud that is the size of our solar system, it destroys all sentient living things in its path because it considers us akin to vermin. It has attained perfect logic, is totally without emotion, and is unbelievably advanced beyond 23rd century Federation technology. The craft itself, is 78 kilometers in length, dwarfing the **U.S.S. Enterprise**, and it travels at mind-boggling speeds. It contains the sum total of universal knowledge, stored in Memory Crystals, and can even convert energy into matter. It makes amorphous probes, sensor swarms, near-living androids, is impervious to harm, and has almost limitless abilities. Nonetheless, it is empty and incomplete until Commander Decker's sacrifice enables it to mutate to a higher lifeform. Additionally, it is because of this being that Mr. Spock finally decides that his human side knows best on occasion.

VULCAN MASTERS: A legendary trio of completely emotionless Vulcans who have attained the extremely difficult disciplinary level of Kalinahr. They rule the planet with wisdom and strict adherence to their cold way of life. Currently, there are two males and one female—the latter of whom determines that Spock is not yet ready to receive their coveted honor.

WHIPLASH ENERGY BOLT: A beam of tremendous power that is capable of destroying entire starships. Created by V'Ger, it whips around like a boomerang if it misses a target, and continues to seek its prey. Forcefields at full capacity can ward off one of these, but subsequent ones are able to obliterate everything.

WORMHOLE DISTORTION: A spiraling of stars and fluid light, narrowing into a deadly vortex. This space trap is caused by an imbalance in the antimatter engines and jeopardizes the **U.S.S. Enterprise** early in the story. The cylindrical matter-time warp overloads main power systems and causes havoc with control consoles. It can often be dissipated by shutting down the warp drive, but such an act might be initiated too late.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